

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN. 5, 1906.

THE INAUGURATION.

At 8 o'clock Monday afternoon, Jan. 1, 1906, the Woburn City Council, consisting of the Mayor-elect, Arthur H. Linscott, City Clerk John H. Finn, the Council, and other officials, assembled at the Council chamber to participate and aid in the inaugural exercises. More people applied for admittance than could possibly be accommodated, simply because the chamber was not large enough to hold them all.

After a prayer by Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church, City Clerk Finn administered the oath of office to Mayor Linscott, and the change from the old to the new took place.

The simple services of inauguration having been performed, the newly installed Mayor at once proceeded to deliver his

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

It was a sound business document. It touched and handled subjects in a business way. It had a business ring. Economy was its keynote, and the suggestions concerning stricter economy in our public affairs and remedies for existing evils were practical.

Some of the disclosures made by the Mayor were startling, at least to many people. For example he told the public that \$49,952.86 had been expended on the highways this year, an unprecedented sum without adequate returns for the same. This probably means an early change of Commissioners, or a refusal of the Council to appropriate much money for the highways.

Another item of news which the inaugural address disclosed was that \$10,250 had been expended during the year 1905 in an endeavor to exterminate the gypsy moth. This extravagant and most wasteful expenditure of the public funds has aroused the State authorities, so the Mayor said, and raised a doubt in their minds as to the propriety of giving Woburn the legal 80 percent rebate. This waste of money on highways and moths received merited condemnation in the address, and a promise of financial reform by the new administration.

The Mayor assured the people that the liquor laws should be strictly and impartially enforced during his reign, which declaration was received with pleasure by the friends of temperance. It was learned from the address that the aggregate of the Municipal, Sewer, Water and High School debt is \$256,410; and that the borrowing capacity of the city, under the law, was on Jan. 1, 1906, \$30,772.22.

Other matters discussed were boulevards, almshouse, water meters, fire department, all of current interest. It was made apparent from the address that Mayor Linscott has a full and exact comprehension of the affairs of the city; that he understands the situation, and the conditions that confront him; and that it is his firm purpose to give the city an economical (not niggardly) administration, and fulfill, to the letter, his anti-election promises.

GYPSY MOTH MONEY.

It came to the ears of our city authorities last week that the State authorities were highly wrought up and greatly dissatisfied with the way money is being spent in Woburn for the extermination of the gypsy moth, and are seriously considering the question whether, or not, to allow this city the rebate of 80 percent of the cost of such work, as provided by law. Immediately on receipt of this intelligence all of the men engaged in the work were discharged, and operations against the moth held up.

Woburn has laid out more than \$10,000 in the last year, and it is claimed by those who pretend to know that the beneficial results of the work are less than one half of what that large sum of money should and would have yielded, if judiciously expended.

The State authorities contend that there has been waste and gross mismanagement in the prosecution of the work in this city, so much so that the State would not be justified in returning the 80 percent rebate. It has become a serious matter.

No doubt exists in any man's mind but that the money has been squandered, and that the State Treasury has good authority for the attitude it has taken. The Mayor, in his inaugural address, treated this subject in a well deserved manner, and it appears certain that he will inaugurate a reform that will benefit the city, and satisfy the State House people, whose criticisms created a big stir and serious alarm among our authorities.

Mayor Linscott has got hold of the right idea for conducting our public business and will carry it out.

THE LEGISLATURE.

At noon on Wednesday, Jan. 3, the Great and General Court of Massachusetts for 1906, met and organized at the State House.

John N. Cole of Andover was elected Speaker of the House, and William F. Dana was chosen to succeed himself as President of the Senate.

Will, or will not, Inspector Blue pay back the \$54 received for "extra" gypsy moth work which Mayor Reade notified him would be demanded? Singular that Commissioner McHugh should put Ring on the moth payroll when he was getting a salary of \$600 a year as Inspector of Buildings, and that, too, without submitting the matter to the Board of Public Works. In addition to the \$54 received from the city, and which Mayor Reade insisted should be repaid into the treasury, it was reported that Ring had other bills amounting to \$100, due him for "extra" moth work, which he has not yet pressed for payment. This curious piece of business was the occasion of quite a scene at the final meeting of the B. P. W. last week.

Mr. John Lynch had been Clerk of Committees in town and city, about 18 years, and ought not to complain because someone else wanted the office, and got it.

Judge John G. Maguire was elected Tax Collector for the first time in April, 1885, and has been re-elected, under town and city government, every year since that date. Such a long term of continuous officeholding is not common in this bustling State and country, and the long possession of the responsible position of Collector is highly complimentary to Judge Maguire's ability, integrity and devotion to official duty.

The inaugural address of Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., delivered at the State House yesterday, Jan. 4, and printed in this issue of the JOURNAL, will doubtless be perused with interest by many people. It is a meaty State paper, abounding in sound sense and practical suggestions, and a good document to lay aside for future reference.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Com. Mass.—Land Court.

—The days have lengthened 8 minutes.

—Wilfred Emery of Cleveland ave. fell on the ice and broke his collar bone.

—Miss Helen Cook of Mishawam Road is on a ten days trip to the White Mountains.

—Cadwell finds ready sale for his pure Crystal Spring Water. It is a fine healthy drink.

—Sale of tickets has insured a full house at the Highland Orchestra concert next Monday night.

—The public schools of this city resumed work last Tuesday after a pleasant holiday vacation.

—The C. E. Smith Agency sold the Connolly real estate on Broad street to the N. E. Tel. & Tel. Co.

—There was a slight fall of snow on Wednesday evening followed later in the night by a heavy rain.

—The New England Tel. & Tel. Co. are to erect a brick building on Broad street for their Woburn exchange.

—The present outlook for the completion of the new schoolhouse is flattering. The Mayor believes in it and it will go.

—At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon the coroner showed 56 on the windward side of houses. A remarkable figure for Jan. 4.

—Finer weather than that of last Monday for the inauguration of a new city government it would have been hard to find anywhere.

—Any one who missed the New Year day of Rev. Dr. March last Sunday evening was unfortunate. The chorus and solos were a treat.

—Miss Emma Fosdick will receive pupils each Saturday afternoon from 2 to 5:30 at the residence of Miss Nellie Ellis, No. 11 Winton street. See ad.

—Mayor Linscott's office hours are 8:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., at which time people wishing to do official business with him should make their calls.

—Mrs. S. L. Haynes of Weymouth Heights visited in this city last Monday. She formerly resided on Glenwood street here, but moved to Weymouth some years ago.

—Speaking of public improvements everybody ought to be interested in the "Home for Aged Men or Couples," and wouldn't the Choate Homestead be an ideal place for it?—X

—At a meeting held last Monday evening the Barber's Association elected the following officers: President, John Harney; Secretary, Edward L. Shea; Treasurer, Bart. Mahoney.

—Bishop Lawrence confirmed a large class at Trinity church, this city, last Sunday evening. He preached to the largest congregation that ever assembled within the walls of that sanctuary.

—Saloon licensees should work shoulder to shoulder with Mayor Linscott in the suppression of kitchen barrooms and all illegal trade in intoxicating drinks. It will be for their interests to do so.

—At the hose coupling contest at Lexington last evening, there 18 teams in the field, the Woburn team composed of Arthur Cunningham and Frank Callahan of Hose 1 won first prize, Time 14.45 seconds.

—Last Monday evening Harlow C. Seelye gave a whist party at his home on Lawrence street. It was attended by numerous friends of his in Boston and Woburn, and a delightful season was spent by all present.

—At the reunion of H. S. Class '01 held last week, Principal Owen, who, with Miss Prior and Miss Sells, was a guest of honor, gave the gathering a pleasing and useful address. The reunion is to be made a permanent institution.

The singing by a chorus choir under the direction of Pol Piancon at the evening service at the First Congregational church is an added attraction, which, with the special addresses by Dr. Norton, is increasing the attendance very largely.

—Each of the first three people who called at the JOURNAL office last Saturday to renew their subscriptions were over 82 years old—Mrs. Mary F. Wyman, one of the three, called by proxy. Can any of our neighboring exchanges say as much?

—Mrs. Josephine (E. F.) Hayward, who is a member of the Woburn School Board, likewise, President of the Woburn Women's Club, lectured before the Milford (Mass.) Women's Club last Monday. Other engagements of hers to lecture are to be filled later on.

—The Ladies Sewing Circle of the Swedish Lutheran church, at a meeting held the other evening, reported receipts during the year at \$594.59, and paid out for church purposes \$580.01. The receipts were the largest that the Circle has ever been able to report.

—A few days ago Mr. J. J. Grothe sent away another of his big street railway snowplows for one of the roadways. His projects in this line have a wide and excellent reputation, and his plows, used on many New England roads, give the best of satisfaction.

—Com. Kennedy will now try his hand at the moth business and see how he likes it.

—Traders will not feel particularly downhearted if business is a little dull for a month to come. It is ever thus.

The next meeting of the Fort-nightly Whist Club is to be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. French, West street, on the evening of Jan. 11.

—Matters at City Hall are as smooth and placid as a summer lake. Not a sign of the late commotion among the officials is to be seen within the walls of the stately edifice.

—Mrs. C. P. Jayne has left the Sailors Snug Harbor at Quincy, of which her husband was Superintendent, and is now making her home at 139 Parsons street, Brighton.

—The Highland Orchestra concert takes place Monday evening, Jan. 8, 1906. The talent includes Miss Marie L. Sundberg, soprano, the talented Swedish singer of Boston and Mr. Charles Williams, reader, also of Boston. Tickets are now on sale.

—Gateman Callahan is contemplating another visit, perhaps next summer, to the "Old Sod." He thinks the last one improved his health, and so has concluded that a second dose of the same agreeable medicine will do him good.

—On Thursday evening, Jan. 11, a new altarpiece is to be dedicated at the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church by the pastor, Rev. G. Sigfred Swensson, and aids. The piece was bought at Milwaukee, Wis., at a cost of \$175, and is a fine sample of work. The exercises will be interesting.

—Your suggestion that some of our worthy people interest themselves in a Y. M. C. A. Building was a good one. There are hundreds of young men who have no place to spend an evening except on the streets, unless they belong to some club. There is now a good nest-egg toward the building from Miss Leathe's estate.—S.

—Capt. Edward E. Parker, who has been in the business of furnishing buildings with heating plants for many years, is a firm believer in hot water as a heater. He maintains that it is the most satisfactory, and as cheap as any other system. Mr. Parker's customers in Woburn and elsewhere have always been well pleased with his work.

—We fail to remember the New Year when Mrs. Mary Jennings, worthy soul that she is, failed to contribute to the JOURNAL Editor's happiness by a nice and valuable present. She kindly recollected us again this year, by bringing over "just what we wanted" as a token of friendship and goodwill, for which we return our warmest thanks.

—At the meeting of the Women's Club this evening, Jan. 5, William R. George, Jr., is to give his lecture on the "George Junior Republic." Invitations have been extended to the school teachers of the city to be present and hear the lecture. The Club are to give their luncheon in the vestry of the Unitarian church on Jan. 31, and George's Night on Jan. 1.

The following are the recently elected officers of the Woburn Police Relief Association: Philip A. McKenna, President; Bernard A. Murphy, Vice-President; John J. Roche, Treasurer; Hartley J. Tarr, Clerk; Austin G. French, Charles F. McDermott, Edward Fountain, Finance Committee. Only regular officers are eligible to membership. It has a fund of \$1200.

—A few days ago Mr. Fred Rogers of the National Bank received a letter from Lieut. L. E. Hanson, Co. B, 26th Reg't, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Macintosh, Laredo, Texas, in which he announced his good health and a plenty of work. He is Adjutant of the Post, and has recently been promoted to Quartermaster. The Lieutenant sent friendly greetings to his Woburn friends.

—Mr. William B. Jones, City Civil Engineer, has executed an accurate and useful map of this city, which will be found a handy piece of furniture for the office or store. The circles marking distances of locations from the Common is an excellent feature of the map which the public will appreciate, and the work, as a whole, is a credit to Engineer Jones.

—To go down to C. A. Nichols rug factory in Buel's Court and watch the conversion of old worn-out carpets into handsome rugs is something that would interest almost anybody. It is a curious mechanical operation that produces the fine and popular work. Mr. Nichols's factory has all it can do, with orders for rugs away ahead, for its products are considered superior to any other establishment of the kind in the State.

—Mr. Ephraim Colburn came up the JOURNAL elevator last Saturday morning to leave a little of his wealth and extend New Year greetings to the Editor. About 13 years ago Mr. Colburn sold and quit the farm on Lexington street, and has since been fully cultivated for 37 years, and came to the Centre to pass the decline of life in peace and plenty. He is something along in the 80s, but enjoys good health, and is smart and active.

—Arthur H. Linscott will at an early day change the present proprietorship of his industry to a corporation, and materially increase its output. He now employs 30 hands at his North Woburn factory in the manufacture of shoestock, which number will be increased to not less than 100 within a short time. He has had excellent success at the business. Mr. Linscott hopes the Chicago Swifts will duplicate their Peabody leather manufacturing works in this city, and thus give our town such a boom as it has not had for some years.

—No more interesting lecture has been given in the Burben Course this season than that delivered by Dr. John C. Bowler last Tuesday evening on "Oliver Twist," one of Dickens's masterpieces, with Russian and Japanese scenery, buildings, and many objects of interest, the descriptions of which were vastly entertaining. Some people attended with the idea that possibly the lecture might treat of the Russo-Japanese War; but nothing concerning it was said. The attendance was large, and the lecture satisfactory in every way. The next, and last lecture, in this season's Course, is to be given on Jan. 9 by Harriet Bishop Waters, who stands at the head of platform orators.

—Mayor Linscott has appointed Albert P. Converse City Solicitor. Dr. Thomas E. Caulfield, City Physician; Edward Simonds, City Messenger.

—E. Prior may be found at 343 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

—The JOURNAL's subscription list is growing quite fat by the addition of names with the beginning of the New Year. It is really encouraging—the receipt of new subscribers is.

—Albert F. Converse, Esq., will make a first-class City Solicitor, so good lawyers of this place say. He stands well at the Bar, is a safe Counselor, and will fill the bill admirably. He has had experience in the office, and been a member of the Council.

—No one agreeable weather could be asked for than that of last Sunday. Indeed, for some time previous it had been delightful. Early on Monday morning, Jan. 1, 1906, there was a slight fall of snow—not more than a fairly good frost; and the weather on New Year's day was all that the heart could wish. But Sunday Jan. 1, 1905, was more than a match for 1906, the temperature at times that day rising to 50 degrees, producing a good sized "January thaw," which lasted through Monday, Jan. 2, and culminated in quite a severe snowstorm.

—Nearly everyone in Woburn knows the umbrella mender of Boston who has made periodical trips to this place for many years past, and know him to be an honest, industrious man. He is a Poland Jew, and came to this country long ago. Work is hard and saving his money he was, after a time, able to bring his wife and children from Poland to Boston and provide for them a comfortable home. One daughter has since married and is pleasantly situated; another, only 13 years old, is a pupil in a Boston High School; and a son is pursuing his studies in the Harvard Law School. The old umbrella mender still makes his regular rounds in Boston's suburbs, his wife and children are prosperous and contented. In what other country could the poor foreigner have done so well?

—Next week will be observed by the churches in this city as the Week of Prayer. Arrangements have been made by the pastors of the Baptist, Methodist and Congregational churches for holding three union meetings during the week. Wednesday evening will be reserved for the regular prayer meetings of the several churches. On Tuesday evening the meeting will be at the Baptist church, on Thursday evening at the Congregational church, and on Friday evening at the Methodist church. Addresses will be given by the pastors. The aim will be to cultivate the spiritual life and to emphasize the fellowship of Christian people in prayer and service. Will not all our people plan to attend these meetings. Let us make it a "week of prayer."—X.

—Who should suddenly and unexpectedly drop into the JOURNAL office the other day but Editor Pitman of the Medford Mercury, one of the best papers, let him tell it, in Boston's environment. He appeared to be in fine fettle and as voluble as ever. Pitman is the husband of a well known Press Fraternity, having been in harness much longer than any living Editor can remember, and in age is closely verging on the century mark. Just now his brain and pen are strenuously employed in trying to drive the pestiferous gypsy moth from the sylvan forests of Medford. Mr. Pitman has been Secretary of the Middlesex Republican Club Committee ever since that party was organized in the late 50s, and has won distinguished honors, but not much money, in that important office. It is thought, however, that he is forehanded. Leaving our office he hid himself to Pleasant street to interview Hon. Alva Wood, member of the County Committee, probably with a view of "mending his fences" for another election to the Secretaryship.

—Mr. Abijah Thompson of Court street was the first to step up and pay a subscription for the JOURNAL for 1906. To be the first to do so has been his practice for years back, for he reads how cheering to the Editor's pen is such a testimonial and prompt payment. Mr. Thompson came blithely into our sanctum early last Saturday morning and, after attending to the financial part of his errand, told us of Warren Teal's declamation at his aunt Thompson's just before supper one day when Abijah and his cousin Warren would be what would be called in these degenerate days "kids," and young at that. Warren is a bright boy, and that afternoon in school, and his mother, proud of her bright little boy, wanted his aunt to hear it. Nothing but to comply with her request, he proudly advanced to the middle of the floor, and manfully throwing out his right foot and his shoulders back, with head tilted poised, and arm uplifted, in sonorous tones—or as sonorous as a young fellow can be—he exclaimed loud enough to be heard all over the neighborhood:

"My voice is still for war,
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Boston Theatres.

THE HOLLES STREET.

"De Lancy." John Drew's greatest comedy success, which had such an auspicious opening at the Holles Street Theatre last Monday evening and has played to packed houses at every performance since will enjoy another week's run at that fashionable playhouse, beginning Monday evening, Jan. 8. If the great demand for seats can be taken as a token, it is safe to say that the play during its Boston engagement will be greeted with a performance by an audience as great as any that has been given in the city.

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THE GIRL AT THE Y

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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The up express was due to pass at 1 o'clock, but it did not come. Graham would not have been in the office at all, only he had some money in the safe and had received orders by wire to sleep in the station that night.

He did not know how much there was. It had come in a sealed package, locked in a small pouch. He knew it was pay day on the new branch then building on the 1st, and this was the 31st.

"Why can't they send a pay car?" asked Graham of himself. "Too confounded slow," he muttered. The hours dragged slowly, but Graham found some solace in thinking of Miss Delaine.

Miss Delaine was from Chicago. She was visiting the daughter of Silas Jones, whom she had met at school.

Miss Jones was tall, big and strong; Miss Delaine was dainty.

Miss Jones, with the advantage of her boarding school years, dressed well; Miss Delaine dressed better.

Graham had suddenly felt a peculiar sensation when Miss Delaine got out of the local at Naom. He knew that Silas was going to have company. He had no idea the company was built more on the feeling vision plan than any other.

"If Silas don't feed that girl up he will be all out of company," Graham had said. "She's almost gone now."

Graham was a husky fellow and had been at Naom two months when Miss Jones and her daughter came.

This time Miss Jones boarded with Silas he had an opportunity to study her well.

"No more turkey hunts while she's here," he grumbled to himself.

Miss Delaine took the shamble out of him when she proposed a shoot, and the three went to the scrub, and Miss Delaine brought down five to his three and Miss Jones one.

Miss Delaine proved to have more get up and get in her diminutive body than Graham acknowledged in his five feet ten. She could box big Miss Jones all over the barn floor; she could climb a cherry tree in a light summer frock and come down as neat as she went up; she could outstep the fastest of Miss Jones and drive as deep as Graham.

She could play the most charming waltzes and sing the prettiest songs. She had not been at Naom two weeks before she was singing in the choir, and Graham made the harrowing discovery that he was singing bass.

So on this night Graham consoled himself by thinking gloomy thoughts about Miss Delaine.

"I'd be a fool to ask her and a brute to expect her to accept if I did ask. He said this with almost a groan.

"Why couldn't it have been Fran? Fran was Miss Jones. But, no; she'll marry Larkins, and if Miss Delaine was poor I'd marry her."

He knew she was rich. She had of ten spoken about "our railroad." Miss Delaine was president of the Q. and B. Disconsolate, he smoked his pipe, and he wondered how much money there was in the safe. He knew the payroll must be long.

He had read last Sunday's paper a dozen times and gone off to sleep and nearly fallen off the chair which he had tilted back. He had left the door open for air. The night was warm.

"Hello there, young fellow!" came a voice. He turned toward the door and looked into the barrel of a big revolver. "Hold up your hands!"

"Er—I am agent here," stammered Graham.

"Oh, we know that. You keep your mouth shut. Why do the rest?"

"I won't submit to robbery, if that's what you mean," said Graham.

"Robbery, eh? Won't submit, eh? Well, young fellow, you don't look much like a fool. Under the circumstances I wouldn't advise you to be one even if you do know how. I've got two partners here, and the first yawn out of you will mean a game of shootin' big. Now, Jim."

Another fellow came in and went through Graham's pockets.

"Now, young fellow," said the leader after Jim had deposited an express revolver on the table, "just tell me the combination to that safe."

"I refuse."

"What did I say about a fool? Say, I'll give you three minutes to make up your mind. You'll either give us the combination or I'll put a hole through you. Now, one."

Graham was silent.

Jim was working at the safe. The third came in and grinned at the picture Graham made.

"Pretty boy," he said.

"Three."

Graham opened his mouth to speak.

"Ain't no use sayin' anything unless it's the combination."

"Aw, kill him. We can blow open the safe."

Graham knew that these men meant business. They would see soon that a life as easy as that was not to be had.

He could see his revolver lying where Jim had placed it.

If only he could divert the leader's attention while he grabbed his own revolver he would take a chance. Graham was no coward. He fixed his eyes on the door, nodding to some imaginary person behind the leader.

The bandit laughed. "He doesn't know how old that trick is. Young fellow, that trick was old before you were born. Give us another."

"It is no trick," shouted Graham. "I am not afraid of you, but don't let that bear in here."

He looked frightened. The one called Bill looked. Graham had moved a few steps forward.

"Are you going to open that safe?"

"I tell you to shoot him," said Bill. "He's tried to fool us twice. No bear outside."

Graham could see the desperado growing blacker. He knew that after he had opened the safe for them they would shoot him to prevent identification. It had been done many times before.

He resolved to sell his life fighting rather than yielding. He suddenly darted toward his revolver, but the leader was too quick. He had been expecting that. The revolver was simply a lure. He fired, and Graham fell with a bullet in his side.

"Now, hang up, if you want a show for your life give us the combination."

Graham was gasping. He was waiting for the next shot but would kill him.

"Suddenly there was a sharp crack—the smashing of glass—another—and

another. The leader was down, with a bullet in his heart, shot through the back. Jim lay writhing near the safe. Bill had pitched forward and was grasping the side for support. Then an apparition appeared at the door.

A bit of a girl stood there, her face white, a rifle in her hands. She was so small she looked like a child. Graham saw her.

"You—you, Miss Delaine—at half past 11—How—how?"

She calmly gazed at the result of her lightning work.

"To tell you the truth, I was afraid and came here to sleep. After you left?"

—she was examining his wound while she spoke. "Charlie Jones came over on the train."

She was dying. I was out in the orchard, and they could not find me and thought I was with you. I returned to the house and could not get in. I had left my key in the house. I am used to get a window open and went in that way, but I was afraid to go to sleep. I could sit up without fear, because I always feel safe with my rifle. But I was dead tired after the dance last night, and I wanted to sleep. I thought I'd risk the talk and come here. It was nearest. I heard the shot and knew you were in trouble. I ran and got here just in time. Can you run the sender?"

"I guess so," he said feebly.

"Write to order that express to stop here." She even knew the stations.

Graham dragged himself to the table, got his call and clicked off the message.

At 2 the express came roaring and rumbling in.

"What the mischief's the row here?" bawled a heavy voice, and a powerful man in a silk hat and black frock coat stood with mouth agape while a fraction of what would make a fair sized girl, stood up to the floor.

"Nan, my girl, here," said the big man. "Here, tell Hawkins to come here."

Hawkins was Mr. Delaine's private secretary and an operator.

"Hawkins, get Burns and stay here till relieved by a new man. This won't come back. He'll either go to jail or the head of a division. Get Nan into the stateroom. Get a doctor. There must be one on the train. Get a woman to take care of Nan. Take this man—his name is Graham—to the coach. Guard that safe as well as I think Graham has. There is a pack of money in there. Evans said he feared a holdup, and I sent the money yesterday with orders for Graham to stay all night. But what I don't understand is what that Nan—at this time of night—"

It was not many hours before the whole story was told.

"Well," said Miss Delaine, "you have told a good story, but I know a better one. I'll tell it when I see the result of Graham's injuries."

"Yes, I know one as good as yours, but it won't be time to tell it until there is time to tell it."

"And, papa, won't you be surprised?"

"Um—not a lot," said the president.

The other two stories were told. Graham is now second vice president, which was Delaine's story, and Nan is his wife, which was the other.

Now Miss Jones goes to see Mrs. Graham and travels in a private Pullman with the second vice presidential guardship for her safety.

Plowing With Oxen.

There can be little doubt that the ox was the earliest beast employed for the plow. A white bull and a white cow were yoked together to draw the furrow for making the walls of Rome.

Greeks and Romans employed oxen in plowing; asses only for sandy soils. When the plowman had finished his day's labor he turned the instrument upside down, and the oxen went home dragging its tail and handle over the surface of the ground, a scene described by Horace.

The yoking together of ox and ass was expressly forbidden by the law of Moses and is made the ground of a ludicrous comparison by Plautus. Ulysses, when he feigned madness in order to avoid going on the Trojan expedition, plowed with an ox and a horse together.

The North Star.

The north star is exactly in line with the poles of the earth—that is to say, it is exactly north of the earth—which is the reason why its position with reference to us does not change by the revolution of the earth upon its axis.

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"Yes, I know one as good as yours, but it won't be time to tell it until there is time to tell it."

A Story of False Imprisonment.

One of the strangest of stories of false imprisonment comes from France. A woman was sentenced to imprisonment for life for having caused the death of her husband and brother. The three had lived together at Malmaison, near Rouen, in a cottage, the lower part of which was used as a wine shop. When the woman was sent to prison other people took the wine shop, but the new tenants suffered, the man from fainting fits, his wife from nausea, from which she died. Another couple tried their fortune, but they, too, were overcome by the "great of the accused place," as they thought it. They were subject to fainting and loss of memory. At last a scientific examination of the premises was made. Then it was found that adjoining the inn was a fine villa, the lower part of which was used as a wine shop. It was the secret of the deaths for which the woman was suffering. She was brought out of prison after six years of servitude.

A Doctor of the Old School.

Father was a doctor, a genuine, hemp-sewed, corn-fed country physician of the gray haired class of our old school. He neither wore kid gloves nor practiced in them. His patients either had to get well or die, with no lingering on the way. He felt the pulse with one hand and poured castor oil with the other.

"Put your trust in castor," was father's creed, and he lived it and administered it.

Castor oil was both his diagnosis and his cure. He gave it any way. If it worked, well and good; if not, he used some other remedy, but he never administered liberal doses of more energetic concoctions. There were no milk and water mixtures in his medicine case.

But castor oil first; castor oil, the disease-seeking chaser of everything with a pulse, and by the great table-spoon it reached about everything—"Gumption," by N. C. Fowler, Jr.

When Folks Feared Gas.

In the early days of the last century, when illuminating gas was first used in London, timorous people talked of the dangers of suffocation and of explosions to which the gas, which was still imperfectly purified, exposed the citizens. Scientists confirmed these assertions, and the first gasometers erected in London by Samuel Clegg so terrified the people that no workman would venture to light the gas jets which had been placed on Westminster bridge.

But Clegg soon overcame this difficulty by inventing a torch and applying it to the burners with his own hands. On another occasion before a committee of the Royal Society of London he bored a hole in the gas holder and put a lighted candle to it, to the great astonishment of the spectators, but without causing the slightest accident. Gradually the eyes even of the most prejudiced were opened to the truth.

A Feminine Paving.

I was being rowed across a Canadian lake by a party of Indians and was told I must not break the stillness of the spirits of the place would be offended, says a woman writer in the Indian Frontier, it was a calm, clear, less day, and the canoe sped like an arrow across the smooth waters. Suddenly, when in the middle of the lake, I determined to prove to these simple folk the folly of their belief. So I lifted up my voice in a loud and ringing cry, every echo of the hills. The Indians were filled with consternation. They uttered no word, but, straining every nerve, rowed on in frowning silence. They reached the shore in safety, and I had triumphed. But the leader of the Indians looked on me in concern.

"The great spirit is merciful," he said. "He knows that the white woman cannot hold her peace."

No Dissection In Jersey.

In many states the law assumes if a dead man has no friends to bury him there will be no objection made if the body is dissected. For this reason all unclaimed bodies are given to medical colleges. Although there are more than 150 medical colleges in the United States, not one is in operation in New Jersey because dissection of the human body is prohibited by law in that state.

The Cross Counter.

Two debutantes were lunching at a table by a window.

"I've been wondering all day," said the blond, "why you weren't invited to the Smith-Smit's."

The brunette, with a sweet, clear laugh, replied:

"And I've been wondering all day, dear, why you were."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Just a Misplaced Comma.

An article on the milk supply of large cities in the British Medical Journal contains this remarkable passage: "The man having finished milking his cow offered to take me into an adjoining room where the milk was cooled."

A Smaltz.

"He's quite wealthy and prominent now," said Mrs. Starven, "and they say he rose practically from nothing."

"Well, well," remarked Mr. Border. "That's just what I rose from—at the breakfast table this morning."

The Preferred.

Dumley—What they call preferred stock is the stock that pays dividends first.

But it's a bit of a trick. Not at all, but the stock that does pay dividends is always preferred.—Exchange.

Alms of a higher order, even though they be not fulfilled, are more valuable than lower ones entirely fulfilled.—Goethe.

Facts About Cigars.

Few cigar smokers are aware that all cigars are named according to their color and shape. A dead black cigar, for instance, is a "Cachou," a very dark brown one is a "Colorado Maduro," a dark brown is a "Colorado," a medium brown is a "Colorado Claro," and a yellowish light brown is a "Claro." Most smokers know the names of the shades from "Claro" to "Colorado," and that as far as most of them need to know. As to the shapes, a "Napoleon," the biggest of all cigars, is seven inches long; a "Perfecto" swells in the middle and tapers down to a very small head at the lighting end; a "Panatela" is a thin, straight up and down cigar without the graceful curve of the "Perfecto"; a "Concha" is very short and fat, and a "Londres" is shaped like a "Perfecto," except that it does not taper to so small a head at the lighting end. A "Reina Victoria" is a "Londres" that comes packed in a ribbon tied bundle of fifty pieces, instead of in the usual four layers of thirteen, twelve, thirteen and twelve.

Took the Hint.

"This seems like a sweet dream," he rapturously remarked as he lingered with her at the doorstep.

"It doesn't seem like a dream to me," she replied. "For a dream soon vanishes, you know?"—Washington Star.

He vanished.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON I, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 7.

Text of the Lesson, Luke II, 1-20. Memory Verses, 13, 14—Golden Text, Luke II, 11—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Some have said that the world was to have a whole year specially devoted to Him of whom the four gospels tell, the Son of David, the Son of Abraham, the Servant of Jehovah, the Son of Man, the Son of God, who is also the heart of the whole Bible as well as of the gospels, the center and the circumference of the whole revealed will and purpose of God. He is the promised Deliverer of Gen. III, 15, the sacrifice foreshadowed in Gen. III, 21, the true Melchisedec of Gen. XIV, 18, the substance of every shadow, the fulfillment of every type and prediction, God manifest in the flesh, the only Saviour of sinners, the only Judge of all mankind. May our hearts be drawn to Him as never before, and our whole aim be to glorify Him in word and in deed.

Although no lesson has been assigned concerning His supernatural conception let no teacher fail to call attention to the prediction in Isa. VII, 14, and the promise of Gabriel in Luke I, 35, for in these days of unbelief and destructive criticism this also is as sacred. It had been predicted that the Messiah, the ruler of Israel, should be born at Bethlehem, in Judaea, and He is spoken of as one who had been living and working from the days of eternity (Mic. V, 2, margin). Mary, the virgin chosen to be His mother, lived about seventy miles north of Bethlehem, and the opening verses of our lesson tell how the great angel, according to His will both in heaven and on earth and through even a king's heart whosoever He will, arranged that His word should be fulfilled, for He watches over His word to perform it (Dan. ix, 25; Ps. cxviii, 1, 12; Rev. Ver.). He who watches over His word also watches over His people, so the journey was made in safety, and Bethlehem reached in due time, but at the expense of the weary travelers; the mother of Israel's Messiah had no home in Israel.

Although earth knew not and cared not, heaven knew and cared, and the heavenly messengers are commissioned to proclaim the great news of long foretold, to a few humble men who evidently cared. These shepherds were probably people who, like Simon and Anna, looked for the promised Redeemer. They make us think of Abel and Jacob, and of the angels, all types of Him who said, "I am the Good Shepherd." They continued at their ordinary occupation, and thus the angels found them. When He who had been born in Bethlehem shall come again He expects to find us occupied with the work he has appointed for us, or, rather, occupied with Himself while diligently engaged in our appointed work (Luke xix, 13; Matt. xxiv, 12). The ministry of angels is a precious and comforting truth (Heb. i, 14; Matt. xviii, 10) fully set forth in Scripture. As they brought forth with them—the glory of the Lord—our light should so shine that we might be good works and glorify our Father in heaven (Matt. v, 16). This light on our part is the life of Jesus made manifest in us (I Cor. iv, 10, 11), our words and deeds revealing Him as He reveals every child of the Father. These messengers were right from heaven, from the very presence of God, and they brought with them the evidence that they dwell there. We may so dwell in love and in the Holy Spirit, that we shall carry with us an atmosphere of heaven. Our first thought will then be, "Glory to God in the highest."

The good tidings of great joy are for all people (verse 10), and one of His best commands over to us is the good news to every creature (Mark xvi, 15). Does it really seem to us as if we had any good news to tell when we are so slow to tell it? Angels came quickly to tell the good news was not for them, but for us, and if you think of fruitfulness it must be something wholly unselfish. The vine and the branches derive no benefit from the fruit borne. This is the third time in this gospel that the good news is given to every creature (Mark xvi, 15). The good tidings of great joy are for all people (verse 10), and one of His best commands over to us is the good news to every creature (Mark xvi, 15). Does it really seem to us as if we had any good news to tell when we are so slow to tell it? Angels came quickly to tell the good news was not for them, but for us, and if you think of fruitfulness it must be something wholly unselfish. The vine and the branches derive no benefit from the fruit borne. This is the third time in this gospel that the good news is given to every creature (Mark xvi, 15).

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MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL.

HOTEL EMPLOYEES.

Wages of Women Workers in the Big New York Establishments.

Employees in the linen room receive \$29 a month, board room and board, and their hours are well regulated, in most of the large hotels. The parlor maid or maids come next on the salary list with \$18, room and board, and the tips often bring this sum up to \$30 or even \$35. The maid's duties are to keep the parlor swept and dusted and herself tidy and ready to attend the women guests who desire her services. The chambermaids, bathroom girls, paint cleaners and scrub women of whom every hotel employs a small army, receive \$12 each. The work of the last two named is distinctly different. A scrub woman would not think of cleaning paint, and a paint cleaner would feel that she was demeaning herself in scrubbing the floor. Throughout the house the question of social distinction is argued, the maids feeling above the bathroom girls, the parlor maid above the other maids and the linen room girls above the parlor maid, and so on. Human nature is much the same the world over. In the parlance of hotel employees, scrub women are known as "soubrettes," the chambermaids as "the chorus," while the parlor maids are called "show girls." The "soubrettes" begin their work at 1 o'clock in the morning and do not finish until about 5. They scrub the floors and go through-out the house with soap and hot water. In one big New York hotel the employees are permitted to enter the dining hall at any time of the morning or afternoon between regular meals and have a cup of tea and a light lunch—a system which has much to do with the contentment reigning among the employees of this establishment. The cost is only a trifle, and although the plan has been in operation for some time, those who enjoy its advantages do not abuse it.—Leslie's Weekly.

HUMAN DISSECTION.

Surgery and the Anatomists in the Olden Days.

For a long time Alexandria was the only medical center of the world, and the physician Galen, born about 129 A. D., had to journey from Rome to the African city to see a skeleton. He sent his students to the German battlefields to dissect the bodies of the national enemies, while he himself used as most revolting human beings. Human dissection was revived in Bologna in the fourteenth century, where Madonna Manzolina later was professor of anatomy, undoubtedly one of the first women doctors. If not the very first, Leonardo da Vinci, the master of "The Last Supper," was a great anatomist, but dissection had fallen into disuse when Vesalius finally revived it about the middle of the sixteenth century.

Even in comparatively modern times anatomists have been the object of attacks by the populace. In 1765 Dr. John Shippen of Philadelphia was mobbed as a grave robber. Doctors' riots in New York occurred twenty-three years later and were due to the belief that the medical students robbed graves continually. It was the lack of opportunity to obtain subjects regularly that led to the practice of grave robbing and originated what Dr. Keene called a set of the lowest possible villainies—the resurrectionists.—New York World.

Merry to the Last.

It was the 21st of April, 1821. Dr. J. P. Frank, the eminent professor of the University hospital, Vienna, lay on his deathbed and was expected every moment to pass away. Once more the great leading medical men of the capital gathered round his couch. All at once the patient burst out laughing.

"What is it that tickles your fancy?" his friends inquired.

"A story has just come into my mind," was the reply. "On the battlefield of Wagran lay a French soldier and counted his wounds. 'Sacre bleu!' he exclaimed. 'It takes fifty bullets to kill a French grenadier.' Gentlemen, there are eight of you too." Thus he spoke and expired in a fit of laughter.

Caffeine.

Caffeine, the active principle of coffee, was discovered by Runge in 1820. In a pure state it takes the form of long silky needles. In ordinary coffee it is present to the extent of about 1 per cent, but Java coffee contains 4.4, and Martinique as much as 6.4. It is said by some chemists that caffeine in its essentiality is identical with theine, the active principle of tea. Claus affirms that the inferior qualities of tea contain more caffeine than the best commercial grades.

Among the Heathens.

Helen, aged four, was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she knelt at her mother's knees to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding Mrs. L. unable to help her out, she concluded thus: "Please, God, send me, I can't remember my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady that don't know any."

As It Was in the Beginning.

"I wonder how graft originated?" said the studious map. "Away back in the garden of Eden," answered Senator Sorghum, "Adam was a grafter at the outset. Adam couldn't see Eve enjoy apples without getting a rakeoff."—Washington Star.

Generous.

"Some men say," remarked the beautiful heiress, "that I have no heart." "Oh, that doesn't matter," replied the poor but willing youth. "I'll give you mine."

What makes old age so sad is not the loss of joys but our hopes cease to flourish.

Dean Swift's Dinner.

A characteristic story is told of Dean Swift, who after a series of expensive entertainments in London invited six of his hosts to dinner. They arrived, expecting the usual costly surfeit of good things. They found the table laid with a piece of bread, a bottle of wine, a plate at each corner and a waiter behind each chair. They took their places. "Mr. Dean," said the lord chancellor, "we'll all be the joke."

Swift lifted his plate. Underneath were the bill fare of a neighboring cafe and a half crown. He turned to the waiter at his side and gave him the money. "Here," he said, "bring me the worst of that in goose and potatoes."

The guests each sent the money under their plate for whatever dish he chose, and the dinner was eaten and enjoyed.

Swift then laid upon the table \$100 and, deducting the three crowns which had been spent, said: "The remainder—namely, the crumbs and fragments—is to go to the poor. We all have had enough money to satisfy hunger. You shall advise me how the rest is to be spent."

Telegraph Operators' Signs.

Telegraph operators always have personal signs which they place on all messages they send or receive. Usually they use two of their initials or take two letters from their names. For instance, James Black will probably use "JB" as his sign. In many cases, however, they choose their signs in peculiar ways.

"We once had a man working here who signed 'KE' because he had taken the Keeley cure," said a Kansas City chief operator. "He afterward went back to drinking and then used 'BZ,' deriving it from 'booze.' Another fellow signed 'PS' because he used to say he loved to 'see' his work. A chief operator we had here used to sign 'IK,' her initials, until one day her beau jilted her and married another girl. After that she signed 'BH,' which, we understood, meant 'broken heart.' In an eastern office where I once worked there was a hoodoo sign. It was 'KQ.' The first man who used it there was killed by a train, the next one went crazy and the third died of typhoid fever. After that nobody in the office dared use the hoodoo sign. The story about its being a Jonah traveled over the country, and today you'll find very few operators signing 'KQ.'"

American Emancipation.

A prominent English statesman who visited this country a few years ago was talking with friends about the national characteristics of Americans and gave it as his opinion that the westerners are peculiarly fond of the humorous of the citizens of the United States.

"Why," said the Briton in explanation, "a relative of mine who frequently visits the States for purposes of sport tells me that he was entranced by the humor of the people. The proprietor of a hotel in Nebraska when he asked if there were any quail in the vicinity.

"Quail?" exclaimed the proprietor. "I should say so! Why, they've got to be a regular nuisance round here. My cook complains that she can't throw a piece of toast out of the window without four or five fat quail fighting to see which shall go on it!"—Woman's Home Companion.

The Antiquity of Football.

If it is not the oldest game in the world football is not far from it. But it has never been a game in which puny nations played. The Greek game was originally called phaidon, or, feeling, later it was called episkuros, epikuros, and lastly harpaston, under which name it came to resemble football. The Roman game was follis and was less rough. There was a center runner in harpaston, and when the game was fought out. One side was given the ball; the other side chose a center. The side with the ball stood some distance back from a line on which the center runner was posted, and at signal the ball was thrown past the mile mark. Players could be held back from securing the ball in any way, though the Greek youths had no rush formation, never seeming to have learned the value of team work.—Outing.

Acute Sense of Hearing.

"Yes," said the prosperous lawyer in speaking to a friend, "I had a long wait before I got any practice, but I am certainly satisfied now with my professional and social position. The early days, the waiting for clients, was hard, though. Why, do you know that I got so early awhile that I heard a footstep on the stairs I could tell simply nine times out of a hundred whether or not the person was coming to my office?"

"Well, that is strange," replied his friend. "Your sense of hearing must have been very acute."

"Not so much," replied the lawyer. "You see, I made up my mind that they were not coming to my office, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred I was right."

A Suggestive Sermon.

The Rev. Howard, chaplain to Princess Augusta, was so fond of good living that he ran into debt with many of the tradesmen in his parish. It was in their special interests that he one day preached from the text, "Give place, and I will pay you all." He spoke at great length on the virtues of patience and then proceeded, "I now come to the second part of my discourse, which is, 'and I will pay you all,' but that I shall defer to a future occasion."—London Standard.

The Alexandrite.

Don't think that your knowledge of wonder gems is complete till you have seen an "alexandrite," green by day and red by night. It is a green, olive-brown, with a potent suggestion that red is there. Green when held in the sunlight. In a darkened room with artificial light a ruby where the emerald was a moment before—a tawny wine red of exquisite tone.

The Tearless Battle.

The Tearless battle was fought between the Spartans on one side and the Arcadians and Argives on the other. It was fought in the year 425 B. C. No blood was shed, no lives were lost, and no, Plutarch says, the Lacedaemonians called it the Tearless battle.

A Safe Opening.

"It does not follow that a safe opening is necessarily a secure act of business," muttered the burglar as he began his drilling, "especially as one has to do so much blowing about it."—Philadelphia American.

Welcome Trouble.

Miss Newitt—May's in trouble. She's had proposals from two men and can't choose between them. Miss Passany—Heavens! And does she call that trouble?

A Spot is Most seen on the finest cloth.

—German Proverb.

Sing Him Up.

"I believe I can truthfully say," remarked the self-complacent man, "that I have only one fault, and that's a small one."

"Yes," replied the candid man. "That's just like the hole in a nickel. It may be a small hole, but it makes the nickel no good."—Philadelphia Press.

Subsistive.

"What would you do, Henry," asked Mrs. Johnston, "if burglars got into the house?" "Do?" replied her husband. "I suppose I would just tell them to go. I told you, I've never had my own way in this house yet."

A Witty Abbot.

Francis I. of France, being desirous to raise a learned man to the highest dignities of the church, asked him if he was of noble descent. "Your majesty," answered the abbot, "there were three brothers in Noah's ark, but I cannot tell positively from which of them I descended." The witty abbot obtained the appointment.

How a Fish Breathes.

The gills of a fish are situated at the back part of the sides of the head and consist of a number of vascular membranes, which are generally arranged in double, fringed rows, attached to the parts by the bones only. In some cases these membranes are feather shaped, in others mere folds attached to the sides of the gill cavities. The fish is a cold blooded animal—that is to say, its temperature is seldom more than a degree or two higher than the water in which it lives. This being true, the creature needs but a very small amount of oxygen to keep the blood at a temperature sufficiently high to sustain life. This oxygen is supplied to the blood of the fish by respiring large quantities of water, or, rather, drinking large quantities of water, and respiring the air separated from it by the gills. This explains why a fish cannot live in a tank of water which has been stirred through the gills time and time again any better than a human being or other animal can in air that has been deprived of all its oxygen by being taken into lungs and expelled without being aerated. Fish which has been stirred through the gills time and time again any better than a human being or other animal can in air that has been deprived of all its oxygen by being taken into lungs and expelled without being aerated. Fish which has been stirred through the gills time and time again any better than a human being or other animal can in air that has been deprived of all its oxygen by being taken into lungs and expelled without being aerated.

Rain Coat For a Bear.

There is one big brown bear in New York that gets coddled beyond belief. He belongs to a Sixth avenue furrier. He is not a live bear. Even the members of the legislature on the State of New York voted not to back to the time of that bear's demise; yet, in spite of his long period as a "dead one," he is the sleekest, best groomed bear in New York. That is because the furrier takes such good care of him.

Storms are never allowed to beat upon his glossy coat. He cannot be humored to the extent of being brought indoors during a downpour, because it is his business to stand on a pedestal outside and run up and down. He is the best thing in the fur world. He is provided with a rain coat. It covers him from snout to tail; so, no matter how hard the rain may beat or the wind may blow, he is insured from damage thereby.—New York Press.

The Fate of Flies.

Some light on the fate of flies was thrown by H. Hill in a lecture at the Royal Victoria Hall, London, on "Flies and How They Disappear." In England alone there are 3,000 different kinds of flies, and Mr. Hill mentioned the following principal ways in which flies perish: They are drowned in milk at the breakfast table; they get surrounded by a white fungus, which spurs their strength; they are eaten by spiders, wasps, frogs, chameleons, lizards, field mice or fish.

With so many enemies it might be wondered how flies have continued to exist. Mr. Hill said that he had himself witnessed a dog lunges whose front half was being devoured by a spider continuing calmly to lay eggs with the other half, as though nothing were happening.

Why Men Wear Mustaches.

The Gauls of Paris has been investigating that grave question, "Why do men wear mustaches?" About 100 men answered the question. Six replied that it was too much trouble to shave, one declared that it was to hide his teeth, another that his long nose, without it, gave him a bad appearance, and three that it avoided colds. Three others maintained that it improved the look of the face, and some were of the opinion that a mustache was necessary to health. Seventeen men were content to state that they did it to please themselves, while only two said it was to please their wives. About sixty gave the reason that women do not like clean shaven men.

The Office Dignified.

A Greek named Epaminondas was condemned by his enemies to fill an office of low rank, which consisted in cleaning the streets and clearing away refuse. He declared that he would make them see that not only does the task show what the man is, but also the man shows what the task is, and he raised the office to a great dignity, teaching that no honest worker need degrade the worker, but an honest worker can dignify the work.

True Courage.

True courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal, bullying insolence and in the very time of danger are found the most serene, pleasant and free. Rage, we know, is the enemy of courage, and himself and light, but what is done in fury and anger can never be placed to the account of courage.—Lord Shaftesbury.

Cutting a Cameo.

It is said that the stone from which cameos are cut—onyx and sardonyx—is so plentiful on the Uruguay river in Brazil, that ships often take it away as ballast. Nevertheless perfect pieces of large size are costly, a piece suitable for a large portrait costing as much as \$75. This stone is preferred for cameos because of its hardness, and durability and is suitable for such work owing to the fact that it comes in layers of contrasting color, as black and white, black and cream or red and white. When the cut figure is sunk in the top of the stone, the raised portion is called an intaglio. The cost of these gems is due to the time and skill required in the work. Formerly a small gem might occupy an artist for a year or more, but with modern appliances the work can be done much more rapidly. Still the ancient workmen were the palm for artistic excellence.

The cutting is now done by holding the stone against a revolving disk, whose soft steel face is covered with diamond dust. No steel is hard enough to cut the stone. The utmost patience and caution and delicate handling are required, as the slightest slip may be fatal to the work.

Curran in the Coffee House.

John Phillips, Curran, the famous Irish lawyer, ranks among the wittiest men the Emerald Isle has ever produced. His wit, however, was sometimes turned against himself by the intended victim, the following story, taken from the volume of biographical reminiscences entitled "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle," furnishing an amusing example of how Curran was once outdone:

A brisk young widow in some part of Ireland used to preside at the table of a coffeehouse patronized by Curran. Her name was Honor, and one day there was some disputed charge.

Curran slyly winked at the friend who happened to be dining with him and proposed "dinner and honesty."

"By all means," added the widow briskly, holding her glass to be filled. "let us drink to Mr. Curran's absent friends."

A Bank President.

A Lady Bonifant, living in a suburban village met an old man on the road one day and asked after his family, his health, etc. The old man gave a rather gloomy account of things. He had to work all day and every day, and he was growing old and felt the cold and was always tired. He wished he could rest a bit after his long life of labor. He was weary, very weary.

Lady Bonifant reminded him gently that every one had his share of work to do in this world, and that it was all only a preparation of the world to come, where there will be no tears or labor.

"The old man shook his head and smiled cynically.

"That may be for the likes of you," he said. "But there'll be work for the likes of me. It will be the same thing there: 'John, clean the stoves.' 'John, hang out the moon.' 'John, light the stars.' 'John, stop the wind.' They will find something for me to do, ma'am—you'll see."

A Wonderful Ride.

The most wonderful straightaway ride ever made by man was the gallop of Francis Xavier Aubrey, a Canadian Canadian voyager and a famous pony express rider, from Santa Fe, N. M., to Independence, Mo., in 1853—800 miles in five days and thirteen hours. In 1852 he had covered the same distance in a little over eight days, and his record was on the wagon of \$1,000 that he "could do it in an even eight."

In the whole distance he did not stop to rest, and he changed horses only once every 100 or 200 miles. He was a stocky French Canadian, light hearted, genial, adventurous and absolutely fearless. For some time he was an overland freighter, and he also made the enormously difficult and dangerous trip from a flock of sheep from New Mexico to California across the deserts of the Colorado. He was killed in Santa Fe.—McClure's Magazine.

Early Autograph Hunters.

A clever autograph hunter, early in the days of the collection, Cicero had a collection, which must have been a fine one for its time, with it particular pride. The fever, even in those far back days, was contagious. Pliny speaks of Pompeius Secundus, of whose house he had seen autographs of Cicero, Augustus, Virgil and the Gracchi, and his own collection was valued at \$15,000 of our money. Then came the turn of barbarians, and he did not again meet with the collector until the beginning of the sixteenth century, when he reappears in the person of a Bohemian squire, who kept a book to record his exploits in the chase and enriched it with the signatures of his great hunter friends.

When Death Cools His Sting.

There is a curious superstition in Jamaica that if a death occurs in the house all the water in it is poured at once and must be thrown away, the reason given being that "death" cools his "sting" after destroying life in the first water he finds, and as no one can tell death being invisible what Jar he may choose it is safest to throw it all away. Careful people to save trouble even carry all water out of the house immediately before a death is expected.

Sticking Shivering Fits.

of Ague and Malaria, can be relieved and cured with Electric Bitters. It is a pure, tonic medicine, of special benefit in malaria, for it exerts a true curative influence on the disease, driving it entirely from the system. It is much to be preferred to Quinine having none of this drug's bad after-effects. E. S. Munroe, of Henrietta, Tex., writes: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice, till he took Electric Bitters, which saved his life. At Robinson Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c, guaranteed."

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

W. HERRICK, John G. Maguire, conservator of the property of said Elizabeth G. Williams, do hereby certify that said Elizabeth G. Williams, late of said County of Middlesex, was on the 10th day of January, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, in due legal form, and in the presence of the undersigned, a copy of the same was filed in the office of the said conservator.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Register, Judge of said Court, this 10th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and six.

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A THOUSAND A YEAR

By Frank H. Street

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A flash across an open space so quick between cover and cover as to leave only an impression of a fox, a fox, a fox, pointed nose and then a loud chorus of discovering yelps, accompanied by a dozen forms plunging frantically across the open space and into the clump of bushes beyond.

But fifty feet farther on was an outcropping ledge broken by crevices and tunnels into a natural and safe hiding place for the hunted. From the time the fox had been started, an hour before, its winding and doubling course had been tending gradually toward this asylum, as if with an idea that after playing with the dogs until weary of the sport or perhaps feeling the need of rest it could whisk into safety. For the last few minutes the fox had tantalizingly checked its speed until the open jaws of the pack almost closed upon the busy tail; then, with a sudden jaunty tilt, the brush rose into the air as if in parting salute and with its owner dropped into one of the narrow crevices, leaving the pack yelping its disappointment while a few minutes later two horses with their riders crossed the space and came to a stop among the dogs.

"I am glad he escaped, even if it isn't sportsmanlike," laughed one of them. "I felt sure the dogs would get him at the open back there, they were so close. It was a narrow escape."

"I'm not so sure of that, Miss Bristow," the other answered. "The fox struck me as looking too fresh for such dangerous propinquity to be natural. I've an idea his plans were laid early, and he was merely amusing himself with the dogs. Shall I call them off and start them in search of a new scent? Nothing can draw this fox from his stronghold now."

"No, wait until papa comes. His falling behind meant that his horse went lame, and he probably has gone back to the stable for another. He will join us before long."

She touched her horse lightly, urging him to the top of the ledge, from which they could look down into the valley. Allan nodded closely.

"It is one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw," he said as his gaze swept over the broad, fertile acres of the farm to the lofty ridges that inclosed it on every side. "You have seen the deer of wild, untouched nature joined to the charm of peaceful rural life—a rare combination."

His eyes left the valley and came back to her, with an expression in them that made her turn away with a half smile. Allan had been here two months now and in that time had learned things that had not hitherto entered into his plans for a livelihood. His hand trembled slightly as he checked the restiveness of his horse.

"Yes; it is beautiful here, and we are happy," she answered, but there was trouble in her voice. "Then we are really happy," she said, "as they say, it is prosperity that makes happiness. We had a letter from Emmet yesterday, and he writes glowingly of your mine. He thinks there is a lot of money in it. And," looking at him inquiringly, "he writes as though he might purchase an interest in the mine."

Allan's face became grave.

"I hope not," he answered. "I like your brother Emmet too well to wish him such bad luck. He broached the subject to me once, and I put him off. I thought perhaps his management of the mine for awhile would disincant him. Emmet's great fault is being too sanguine, though, with grimaces."

"It was something that way myself, I suppose."

"The mine didn't pay?"

"It has cost me a thousand a year above my income so far, and," she was laughing, irresistibly, it seemed.

"I beg your pardon," she gasped, checking herself with an effort. "I—something struck me as very funny. But please go on. I will not laugh any more. A thousand a year, you say?"

"Yes," looking at him curiously, "above the income I receive from England. I wouldn't like Emmet to incur the same loss. As soon as I get back I shall try to sell. The machinery will be worth a small sum, and," he was laughing and his eyes again sweeping over the valley and back to her face.

"I have found it. I always liked agriculture, but never realized it could show up to such advantage as it does here. My idea was that farmers here kept hold of plow handles and things, but your father doesn't do anything except go fox hunting and read magazines and listen to his foreman's report, and only this morning he told me that he had no more to be thinking of it all the morning. I will buy a valley just like this somewhere in the neighborhood and be a farmer, and with what I have—I can soon build a nice house." He paused, looking embarrassed, and with hurriedly, "If I can make a living of it—enough for two, I mean—will you—will you help me, Lois?"

She had thrown up her hand, as though to stop him.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Tisdale," she cried impatiently. "I had not intended to tell you, but I must now. You must not try farming for a livelihood. I mean, our farm looks prosperous, and I mean the valley here better than any place in the world, but we have been running behind a thousand a year ever since we bought the place. That was what made me laugh when you said you were losing a thousand. It seemed so funny. You must not try farming for a living. The real test is, 'I'll be face flushing really,' 'am willing to help you, Allan.'"

She looked at him shyly, but his face had suddenly grown stern. He shook his head helplessly.

"I must take it all back, Lois," he groaned. "I cannot make a living for one. But here comes your father."

Mr. Bristow reined in beside them, his face inquiring.

"Hello, what are you waiting here for?" he exclaimed. "If one fox has outwitted you, why don't you start another? What's the matter? You look like a funeral."

"I—I have been telling Allan—Mr. Tisdale—about our falling behind," stammered Lois. "You see, he spoke of buying a farm and following our example, and I couldn't let him go on thinking the valley was as prosperous as it looked on the surface."

Mr. Bristow's face fell. "Might have waited until a rainy day," he grumbled, "and not spoil a good chase with such

news. But long's it's out, it's out, and I suppose you couldn't do anything less, Lois. We couldn't stand by and allow a guest to run the chance of losing money, of course. Yes, Mr. Tisdale, his face becoming as overcast as their own, "it's all true. We'll have to sell the valley—the finest property I ever owned. A man can't stand it to fall behind a thousand dollars every year with nothing to show for it."

Allan stared, half rose in his saddle, his face becoming transfigured.

"A thousand dollars!" he cried joyously. "Is that what you mean? Can you run a place like this and only run behind a thousand dollars?"

"That's what I said," rather testily, "and enough for a man to lose every year, the Lord knows."

Allan whirled to Lois.

"I will take all that back once more," he cried, "what I said last. I can make a living, and I want you to help me. Then to his puzzled host: 'Don't you sell the farm, sir. There won't be any need. I thought Lois—she's promised to be my wife, you know—knows pounds. That's what I've been losing. But yours are dollars—dollars. Don't you see the difference will be nearly four thousand—dollars? That will be a nice profit for us, what the farm yields. I will take the valley, and the whole of it if you like, or we will live on it together.'"

Mr. Bristow was choking.

"You and Lois may fix that up between you," he gasped at last. "The problem is too complicated for me. But I'm glad the valley isn't to be sold. Now let us get the dogs on a new scent. The foxes will be getting old and fat if we leave them like this."

A Battered Book.

How the Rev. Mr. Johnston, a Scottish minister and the author of numerous books, succeeded in getting one of his works reviewed by Alexander Russel, the distinguished editor of the Scotsman, is told by the writer of "Famous Editors."

A member of Mr. Johnston's congregation was an old and valued servant in Mr. Russel's family. When the preacher published his new book he asked this member to bring it under the notice of his master, with the request to review it in the columns of the Scotsman. Glad to be of service to his master, the good woman lost no time in making her wish known to the celebrated editor and next morning placed "The Gospel Roll" beside his breakfast cup.

When at breakfast, Mr. Russel took up the book and remarked, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Helen, this is an awful dry book, which you have given me this morning."

"Perhaps it is, sir," the servant quickly replied, "but you can butter it well on both sides."

Next morning an excellent review appeared.

The Dance.

In his "Die Anfänge der Kunst" ("The Beginnings of Art") Dr. E. Grosse investigates primitive art from its sociological aspects. He shows how in the dance there was social evolution. The dance was among savages a significance and value which civilized races do not appreciate. The dance originally might not have been for the pleasure it gave. That came later. At first the dance may have been one of the preparatives for war or a propitiatory act. Anyhow it brought men together and became a social factor. It must have gone, too, hand in hand, with music. At first the dance was simply rhythmic. Possibly all the early hunting folk. We may not today deem dancing an art, but it was a motive power. It may have helped to bring about the social decoration, and then came the first faint glimmer of an aesthetic conception.

The Woes of a Beekeeper.

A German beekeeper took to tarry some of his choicest bees to carry home. He took a train in Hanover with his bees in a basket at his feet. The bees escaped from the basket and crawled up his trousers legs. His acquaintance aroused suspicions in the hearts of two women who occupied the same compartment with him. They pulled the bell cord and stopped the train. When the bee farmer explained the reason he was placed in an empty compartment to have it out with him, the women were so vexed away, bees, money and all. At the next station the irate stationer brought forth the reluctant bee fancier in a rug, and he panned his watch to acquire decent raiment to walk back along the line in search of his bees and trousers.

Hats in Parliament.

During the reign of King John (1199) the king agreed to settle the difficulty between his barons and the pope by a treaty of Normandy by single combat. John, earl of Ulster, was the English champion, and as soon as he appeared on the field of combat his adversary put spurs to his horse and fled, leaving the part to his opponent. King John asked the earl what his reward should be. "Titles and lands I want not," he replied, "but in remembrance of this day I beg the boon, for myself and my successors, to remain covered in the presence of your majesty and all other sovereigns of this realm." This request was granted and never revoked, and it is said to account for the custom in parliament of members wearing their hats—London Standard.

Webster as a Farmer.

Webster was a scientific farmer. He believed thoroughly in the value of blooded stock. At Marshfield he had a herd of sixty or eighty best cattle composed entirely of thoroughbred animals—of Alderneys, Ayrshires and Devons. He had several cows of Devon oxen, which were his particular pride. Besides, there were blooded sheep and swine. All in all, Webster was considered by his neighbors the best farmer of the country. He was, moreover, a friend generous and considerate. There used to be a saying down Plymouth way that a stranger could always tell where Webster was at home by the cheerful looks of the people for ten miles around—Olive Branch Cape in Country Life in America.

Roman Lamps.

Roman lamps were of many sizes, but most of them very closely resembled what is at present denominated a sauce or gravy boat. At one end there was a ring, through which the finger was passed when the light was carried. The body of the vessel was filled with oil, and at the other end there was a small tube, through which a rag wick was passed. When this was lighted the smoke and odor of the rancid fat employed were extremely offensive. Many Roman poets mention the abominable odors sent out by the lamps at the feast.

Expert Dyers.

The Tyrians, it is claimed, were the most expert dyers of ancient times. The fabrics dyed with the famous Tyrian purple did not assume their proper color until after two days' exposure to the light and air. During this time they passed through a gradation of shades of yellow, green, blue, violet and red, which the dyers endeavored to arrest and fix at any moment.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON II, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 14.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. II, 1-12. Memory Verse, II, 1—Golden Text, Prov. xxiii, 26—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1905, by American Press Association.] We must seek in all our studies to look for the truth as it is possible the whole connected story of His journey in a mortal body, remembering always that His life of humiliation on earth was but a little part of the life of Him whose goings forth have been from the days of old.

In Matthew He is the King, Israel's Messiah; in Mark He is the servant, in Luke the man, and in John the Son of God, and in all He is the Branch depending for all His words and works upon His Father, who sent Him (Jer. xxiii, 5, 6; Zech. iii, 8, vi, 12; Isa. iv, 2), teaching us that, as the "branches" (John xv), without Him we can do nothing, and that being one with Him in the glory to be revealed we should be glad to be one with Him now. His steps in our present life of humiliation manifesting His life in our mortal bodies (II Cor. iv, 11). After the birth in Bethlehem, in the fullness of the time, and according to prophecy (Gen. iii, 15; Mic. v, 2; Isa. vii, 14), we should consider His coming. His presentation in the temple, and the story of Simon and Anna in connection therewith. May we be like them in being filled with the Spirit, speaking of Him and looking for Him as the Redeemer of Israel. Then we come to this story of the wise men, reminding us of the queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon, and of all the kings of the earth seeking Him to bear His wisdom (II Chron. ix, 1, 23), and pointing us onward to the still future fulfillment of such predictions as Isa. lx, 1; Jer. li, 17. Their inquiry for "the King of the Jews" (verse 2), put with the superscription that was nailed over His cross in the three principal languages of the then known world, and also coupled with His own saying, "Salvation is of the Lord" (John vi, 22), points onward to the time when "Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit" (Isa. xxxv, 6). People do not flow to church nor run after the Lord in these days, but by going after the people a few have won to Christ. This is the ordinary rule. The mighty work of the Spirit through such brethren as Torrey, Alexander and Roberts, and the thousands flocking to Christ and to hear His word is something exceptional and may possibly be a mercy sent to us, to gather quickly the church and hasten the return of our Lord.

The star which guided the wise men must have been a special, supernatural, heavenly light, given for their special guidance as they journeyed to the place of our particular house (verse 9). Herod had good reason to be troubled, as have all careless people (Isa. xxxiii, 11). The trouble that shall yet come upon many on earth who rebel against God is described in Rev. xvi, 15-17, the turning of the stars of the earth, the leave this earth is described in Luke xvi, 23-25, and their torment in Rev. xiv, 10, 11.

The chief priests and scribes, when questioned by Herod as to where their king should be born, were able to quote promptly the words of the prophet Micah concerning the place of His birth (verse 5, 6), but they did not believe all prophecy concerning Him; they were not true to the Scriptures, even the little children in our Sunday schools, know that Jesus was born in Bethlehem, but who believes the last clause of verse 6, that He is a Governor to rule His people Israel, in the South African.

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A Troubled One.

It is said that the expression "There is a skeleton in every closet" arose from the following incident: A young Italian student, finding he was dying, fearing to break the news to his mother, adopted the following device: He informed her that he was ill and that it had been foretold he would not recover until he had worn a shirt made by a woman who had no trouble. The widow soon discovered it was a ruse, but she was so kind and so much comforted and happiness and possessed a husband who seemed devoted to her. The widow soon discovered it was a ruse, but she was so kind and so much comforted and happiness and possessed a husband who seemed devoted to her. The widow soon discovered it was a ruse, but she was so kind and so much comforted and happiness and possessed a husband who seemed devoted to her.

Washington's Birthdays.

The first known celebration of Washington's birthday was on Feb. 11, 1784. The old style date was still adhered to. This was during the lifetime of the first president and completed his first year. The following is from the Pennsylvania Packet of Philadelphia of the date of Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1784: "New York, Friday, Feb. 13.—Wednesday last being the birthday of his excellency general Washington the same was celebrated by all the true friends of American independence and constitutional liberty with that hilarity and merrily decorum ever attendant on the sons of freedom. In the evening an entertainment was given on board the grandest of the city in this harbor to a very brilliant and respectable company, and a discharge of thirteen cannon was fired on the joyful occasion." The observance of the day was not confined to New York city.

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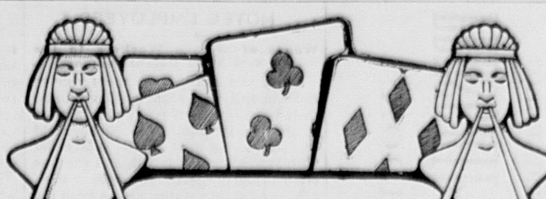
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Deluxe	1.15	1.05
Deluxe	1.25	1.15
Deluxe	1.35	1.25
Deluxe	1.45	1.35
Deluxe	1.55	1.45
Deluxe	1.65	1.55
Deluxe	1.75	1.65
Deluxe	1.85	1.75
Deluxe	1.95	1.85
Deluxe	2.05	1.95
Deluxe	2.15	2.05
Deluxe	2.25	2.15
Deluxe	2.35	2.25
Deluxe	2.45	2.35
Deluxe	2.55	2.45
Deluxe	2.65	

HELD BY THE GOVERNMENT

By Otto B. Senga

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

John Pearson was distinctly annoyed. He would not have believed Eugene could be so unreasonable. It was not enough to lose Havens, who was the best stenographer he ever had, but when he finally secured another who could do satisfactory work, to have Eugene object because the girl was young and pretty was enough to make a man lose all patience.

He strove to appease his fiancée's wrath by pointing out how inferior in beauty and grace the new stenographer appeared to him in comparison with herself. He tried to appeal to her son, her pride, for faith in him, but to little purpose.

"You need not trouble to call again or to communicate with me until you have discharged that girl," was the ultimatum, and Pearson went away, angry and indignant, anathematizing all women and their stilly, unreasonable jealousy.

Miss Anthony was not often unreasonable and had had little occasion for jealousy. She hardly could have explained it herself, but her annoyance about the girl and her resentment toward her lover had begun when he had asked the name of the new employee and John had replied, "Anna Darling."

The tiny flames had been fanned and increased by every word of praise for Miss Darling that the unconscious Pearson had stupidly uttered until she could bear it no longer. She magnified his satisfaction with the girl's work into love for the girl herself, and she felt for the moment quite justified in demanding her discharge.

But with the next day's light Miss Anthony's good sense and love of fair play reassured itself. "How silly I was," she thought.

She resolved to send him a little note or a telephone message, but decided to wait until evening. He was to take her to the opera, and on the way she would confess her unreasonable jealousy.

The evening passed, and no John and no message to explain his absence. Ten o'clock, 10:30, "I won't be foolish," she thought firmly. "I'll call him up by phone and tell him I want to say good night."

She had often done this when it had been possible for John to come to her. She smiled happily as she rang the bell and called for the Pearson residence. John lived with his brother, and she knew the maid who came away. She recognized the housekeeper's voice in reply to her call, but her face fell at the message. Mr. John had not been home, and Mrs. Barnes could get no reply to frequent calls over the phone to the office.

The next morning Miss Anthony called Mrs. Barnes again, with similar results. Mr. John did not come home, and there was evidently no one at the office.

Miss Anthony was essentially a woman of action. She dressed herself in a most becoming street costume and a half hour later was entering the great office building on Congress street. Pearson's office was closed, the door locked.

"He wasn't there all day yesterday," volunteered the elevator boy.

"But surely some one was," insisted Miss Anthony. "The young lady?"

"She came in the morning, but went away again immediately," he answered.

Miss Anthony was quick to detect and equally quick to execute. She consulted the directory and took a car for Arlington. At the door of a neat little cottage she paused. Yes, there was the name, Darling, on the doorplate. What could she say to the maid even if she found her? Did she really expect to believe that she and John—Then she lifted her head proudly. Was she going to be silly again? Something had happened to John, and Miss Darling might be able to tell her in learning what it was.

When Miss Darling entered the room Miss Anthony hardly could restrain the impulse to take her in her arms, a pretty, timid looking little thing—hardly more than a child. Her eyes were visibly red with weeping, and when Miss Anthony asked her if she had been at the work day before her face colored painfully.

Miss Anthony explained enough of the situation for Miss Darling to understand the reason for her visit, and then Miss Darling told her own story hurriedly.

"I have been with Mr. Pearson nearly a month and supposed my work was entirely satisfactory. I went to work yesterday morning as usual, but I had hardly entered the office when the telephone bell rang. On answering it I found it was Mr. Pearson speaking. He said that he should require my services no longer and would mail me a check for two months' salary."

She paused, choking back a sob. Miss Anthony blushed with shame and regret.

"I left the office immediately, of course, for a dinner. I went to work yesterday morning as usual, but I had hardly entered the office when the telephone bell rang. On answering it I found it was Mr. Pearson speaking. He said that he should require my services no longer and would mail me a check for two months' salary."

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necessary to fill those vacancies. The absent men are sick, and it would greatly retard the work of the government if the jury had to be adjourned until they recovered."

Miss Anthony regained her poise. "Would Mr. Pearson have to go if he did not wish?" in stately surprise.

"Yes. Any citizen is liable to such draft."

"But—but his own business?" interposed Miss Darling.

"Quite a secondary matter in the eyes of the law," replied the young man.

"And in such a case the message sent to the citizen's friends?" questioned Miss Anthony.

"Certainly. If Mr. Pearson had any clerk or secretary in his office the deputy marshal would likely notify that person, and Mr. Pearson could send a message to his family if he has one."

Miss Anthony and Miss Darling exchanged glances. They knew that Mr. Pearson had no family and at the time of the unwelcome seizure he had no clerk, and Miss Anthony knew why no message had been sent to her.

"And Mr. Pearson cannot come away if he is held there?"

"Held by the government," he replied smilingly.

Miss Anthony thanked him courteously, and he passed on.

Miss Darling unlocked the door, and the two girls entered the office.

"Is the work Mr. Pearson wanted done stenographic work?" Miss Anthony asked.

"Not at all. There are some abstracts to be copied and—"

"I shall help you," with gentle decision.

When the grand jury adjourned United States Marshal Brown handed a note to Jurymen Pearson.

"Miss Darling and I have your work nearly done," read the astonished Pearson.

"Please come to me as soon as you are released. I think we had better arrange matters so that if you are held by the government again you will have some one to whom a message must be sent."

Removing the Shutter.

An upturn man who may be designated as Mr. Blank was asked by his wife the other day to aid in removing inside shutters from windows throughout the house so that they could be washed.

Being in a hurry, he asked his better half to defer the matter until his return from the office. "I'll do it myself," was her retort. "Don't."

Women don't understand such work," he said. "It is not a man's job. I have seen Mrs. Blank return to the office, and when Blank returned that night he found the shutters down. His wife was nursing several lacerated fingers, but she wore a triumphant air. "The screwdriver slipped once or twice," she explained in regard to the injury.

She recognized the housekeeper's voice in reply to her call, but her face fell at the message. Mr. John had not been home, and Mrs. Barnes could get no reply to frequent calls over the phone to the office.

The next morning Miss Anthony called Mrs. Barnes again, with similar results. Mr. John did not come home, and there was evidently no one at the office.

Miss Anthony was essentially a woman of action. She dressed herself in a most becoming street costume and a half hour later was entering the great office building on Congress street. Pearson's office was closed, the door locked.

"He wasn't there all day yesterday," volunteered the elevator boy.

"But surely some one was," insisted Miss Anthony. "The young lady?"

"She came in the morning, but went away again immediately," he answered.

Miss Anthony was quick to detect and equally quick to execute. She consulted the directory and took a car for Arlington. At the door of a neat little cottage she paused. Yes, there was the name, Darling, on the doorplate. What could she say to the maid even if she found her? Did she really expect to believe that she and John—Then she lifted her head proudly. Was she going to be silly again? Something had happened to John, and Miss Darling might be able to tell her in learning what it was.

When Miss Darling entered the room Miss Anthony hardly could restrain the impulse to take her in her arms, a pretty, timid looking little thing—hardly more than a child. Her eyes were visibly red with weeping, and when Miss Anthony asked her if she had been at the work day before her face colored painfully.

Miss Anthony explained enough of the situation for Miss Darling to understand the reason for her visit, and then Miss Darling told her own story hurriedly.

"I have been with Mr. Pearson nearly a month and supposed my work was entirely satisfactory. I went to work yesterday morning as usual, but I had hardly entered the office when the telephone bell rang. On answering it I found it was Mr. Pearson speaking. He said that he should require my services no longer and would mail me a check for two months' salary."

She paused, choking back a sob. Miss Anthony blushed with shame and regret.

"I left the office immediately, of course, for a dinner. I went to work yesterday morning as usual, but I had hardly entered the office when the telephone bell rang. On answering it I found it was Mr. Pearson speaking. He said that he should require my services no longer and would mail me a check for two months' salary."

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ALLHALLOW EVE.

Its Observance is Clearly a Relic of Old Pagan Times.

The observance of Allhallow eve, or Halloween, is clearly a relic of pagan times, for there is nothing in the church observance of the ensuing day of All Saints to have originated such extraordinary notions as are connected with this celebrated festival or which remarkable practices as those by which it is distinguished.

The leading idea of the festival is that it is the time of all others when supernatural influences prevail. It is the night set apart for the walking abroad of spirits, both of the visible and invisible world.

One of the special characteristics attributed to this mystic evening is the faculty conferred on the immaterial principle of man to detach itself from the body and wander abroad through the realms of space. Divination, or second sight, is believed then to attain its highest power, and the gift asserted by Glendower of calling spirits from "the vasty deep" becomes then at the command of all who choose to avail themselves of the privileges of the occasion.

There is a remarkable similarity in the fireless customs of this night in all parts of Great Britain. Nuts and apples are everywhere in requisition and are consumed in immense quantities. Indeed, the name of Nutcracker night, by which Halloween is known in the north of England, indicates the predominance of nuts in the entertainments of the evening. They are not only cracked and eaten, but are made the means of divining and prophesying in love affairs. Apples are also used in many of the evening games for the same purpose.

There is a whole lesson in "the feast of the Passover," with its sprinkled blood, the lamb to be eaten, the bitter herbs, the unleavened bread, the great deliverance of Israel in the past and the greater deliverance which dreweth nigh (Ex. xii; Jer. xxiii, 7, 8; Amos ix, 14, 15), all pointing to and depending upon Him who in our lesson is the boy of twelve. Who can tell the interest Jesus manifested in the details of the great feast, understanding it as no one else could? Is it any wonder that He tarried in Jerusalem in the temple with those teachers of the law, listening to them and asking them questions (verse 46), and can we be surprised that they were astonished at His intelligence and at the answers He gave? This was a rare opportunity for Him, and He knew it; for them also, but they knew it not, for they were in their midst whom they knew not.

We cannot but be surprised that Joseph and Mary would start homeward without their boy. It shows the folly of supposing when we ought to be alert that we are safe. It is our privilege to know the certainty by most surely believing (Luke i, 4), yet it is a most common thing for believers to reply when asked concerning eternal life and the future, "I have no idea." Such do not know the joy and peace of believing (Rom. xv, 13). In the case of Joseph and Mary one hour's neglect brought them three days' anxiety and reminds us of the loved one in Song of Solomon who was lost for three days.

Did they pray as they searched for Him those three days? I know not. They did not have Phil. iv, 6, 7, but they might have known Prov. ix, 5, 6; Job xxxvi, 4; xlii, 2. Do the three days suggest those other three days when even to John and the other disciples He was a lost Messiah? For it is written, "They knew not the Scripture that He must rise again from the dead" (John xx, 9). When they finally found Him in the temple and in amazement asked Him why He had treated them so and told Him of their sorrowful search for Him His reply in verse 49 gives us His first recorded utterance as the Son of Mary, for what He asked was not recorded.

The Revised Version is correct, then. He seems to have asked them why they did not come at once to the temple to look for Him, knowing that He would be in His Father's house. If the ordinary reading is correct, "I am not that I must be about My Father's business or in the things of My Father," what a glimpse we have of His knowledge of who He was and why He had come and of the time when He would rise superior to all human relations. How striking is that in this His first recorded utterance and in His last as He died on the cross He said, "Father." Count the number of times He used the name in His discourse and prayer on that last night and you will be still more interested and, it may be, find new significance in the words, "My Heavenly Father knoweth," "My Father and your Father" (Matt. vi, 32; John xx, 17).

Standing Room Only.

The Lawyer—So your wife has sued you for a divorce, eh? Will she sue me any standing in court? The Client—I'm afraid so. From the nature of the evidence she threatens to bring in there won't be half enough votes to accommodate the crowd.—Chicago News.

Selfishness.

There are some tempers wrought up by habitual selfishness to an utter insensibility of what becomes of the fortunes of their fellow creatures, as if they were not partakers of the same nature and had no link of connection at all with the species.—Sterne.

Occasionally a man figures on a reserved seat in heaven because he once gave away an old coat.

Wine and Will.

The Law Magazine and Review tells an old story of a Hanburg merchant who had five sons who were all ardent teetotalers. The merchant was contrary minded, and to rescue the misguided young men from the error of their obstinate ways, he directed in his will that each of the five should be given a glass of the funeral drink a glass of wine to his memory in some public place, adding as a condition subsequent that if any of them should refuse to drink the enjoined glass his share of the inheritance should be forfeited and divided up among the more compliant brothers, but if all should refuse the whole family property should go to charities.

No other testament so odd on the subject of wine is recalled except that of a total abstainer who left a fine wine cellar, a recent legacy to himself, to his heir, with directions that its contents should be poured untasted on the ground.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON III, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 21.

Text of the Lesson, Luke II, 40-52. Memory Verse, 51—Golden Text, Luke II, 52—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Between the story of the wise men of the last lesson and this one the record of the last lesson is the flight into Egypt, the sojourn there, the return to the land of Israel, the settling down at Nazareth and the three dreams in connection therewith, whereby Joseph was guided perfectly. These and the massacre of the infants are recorded in Matt. i, 13-23, and attention is called to the fact that in these events at least three Old Testament predictions were fulfilled, for all Scripture must be fulfilled. God always watches over His word to perform it (Jer. i, 12). The first verse of our lesson covers all that is recorded of Jesus from His infancy to the age of twelve, but the four sayings are full of suggestiveness. The child grew, and this child was "God manifest in the flesh." He might have come in a full grown body, such as He gave to Adam, but then He would not have been perfectly one with us, "in all points tempted like as we are" (Heb. iv, 15), and all boys and young men might have said: "He can't sympathize with me, for He never was a boy. He was always strengthened by the Spirit, and He was the wisdom of God, full of grace and truth" (Eph. i, 16; i Cor. i, 24; John i, 14, 17).

There is a whole lesson in "the feast of the Passover," with its sprinkled blood, the lamb to be eaten, the bitter herbs, the unleavened bread, the great deliverance of Israel in the past and the greater deliverance which dreweth nigh (Ex. xii; Jer. xxiii, 7, 8; Amos ix, 14, 15), all pointing to and depending upon Him who in our lesson is the boy of twelve. Who can tell the interest Jesus manifested in the details of the great feast, understanding it as no one else could? Is it any wonder that He tarried in Jerusalem in the temple with those teachers of the law, listening to them and asking them questions (verse 46), and can we be surprised that they were astonished at His intelligence and at the answers He gave? This was a rare opportunity for Him, and He knew it; for them also, but they knew it not, for they were in their midst whom they knew not.

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When Marco Polo Was Alarmed.

Regarding the use of bamboo as fuel the following quaint lines from the book of Messer Marco Polo, the Venetian, form an interesting example of travelers' tales in those days when travelers were so sure that there were little fears of their meeting with contradiction.

He says: "The people cut the green canes, of which there are vast numbers, and set fire to a heap of them at once. After they have been awhile burning they burst asunder, and the smoke, such a loud report that you might hear it ten miles

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN. 26, 1906.

STILL MARCHING ON.

It is now about 15 years since the first gypsy moth nest was discovered in the vicinity of Boston. It was in Medford.

Since that date individuals, towns, cities, and the State have expended not less than half a million of dollars in endeavors to exterminate the pest. Last year the Woburn city authorities appropriated and spent over \$10,000 for that purpose, and last week appropriated 2000 more.

Every year, from the time of its discovery to the present, the moth has rapidly enlarged its field of operations, so that Supt. Kirkland of the State Moth Commission, in his report for 1905, is obliged to say:

"A total of 2224 square miles of the territory in Massachusetts is occupied by the gypsy moth. In 1900 the moth infested only 359 square miles, an increase of 1865 square miles in 5 years!"

Do these facts teach nothing? Is it possible that otherwise sensible people fail to discover the worse than folly of spending hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in trying to accomplish an impossible thing?

A few evenings since Taylor C. Lyford, a former State Moth Inspector, in a lecture at Hudson, said:

"The [the gypsy moth] are with us for all time, and scientific men are coming to that conclusion."

And, yet, towns, cities, and Commonwealth keep right on appropriating money with which to fight, and get beaten by, the gypsy moth.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

In his responses to a request for a special police officer for the West Side Mayor Linscott wisely wrote:

"With the constantly increasing expense of carrying on our city government, and a much smaller income proportionately in assessed valuation, it becomes necessary to economize in every way possible."

Representative Bennett of Boston has introduced a bill to the House reviving the old chestnut of "Greater Boston." This was a surprise, for almost everybody had thought the legislation of the matter died some years ago after the decidedly adverse sentiment of the suburbs had been obtained. But it seems that somebody has been thinking about it all along, hence the new Legislative bill. But it will be a long day before Boston gets control of its surrounding towns and cities.

We make grateful acknowledgment of the receipt from Hon. Butler Ames, M. C., of a copy of his "Bill to provide Federal Regulation of Insurance," introduced in the House and referred to the Committee on Judiciary Jan. 16, 1906. It covers 75 pages of large Congressional paper, and President Roosevelt and other statesmen say that, while novel, it is a highly meritorious bill.

In another column of the JOURNAL appears a letter from Superintendent Kirkland in reply to something we said about the gypsy moth business in a recent issue. We have no disposition to question his sincerity, but would like to know why both "local inspectors" and "State inspectors" are deemed necessary in the work of vainly striving to annihilate the moth.

Census Bulletin No. 4, issued on Jan. 24, 1906, by Charles F. Pidgin, Chief of Massachusetts Census Bureau, conveys the intelligence that on May 1, 1905, date of taking the last biennial census, of Woburn's population of 14,402, the native born numbered 10,581, and the foreign born 3,821. The excess of native over foreign born was 6,760.

Last week the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine decided that drunkenness is not a crime in that State. A man arrested for drunkenness sent the officer for later imprisonment. The case was carried up, and the above decision rendered by the Full Bench. That is good common sense, as well as sound law.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
McLaughlin & Dennison—Drugs.

The First Parish Fair is to be held on Feb. 21 and 22.

Initium Club are preparing to celebrate their 20th anniversary.

The prospect for a good ice crop on Horn Pond is better than it was a few days ago.

Yesterday it was only 20 above zero—a big and uncomfortable change in the weather.

Capt. John E. Tidd, Court Officer, is a little off color in his physical condition, but is improving.

By falling on the sidewalk a few days ago George C. Simonds of 13 Beacon street suffered a broken arm.

The Mayor should scrutinize carefully any new contract that may be offered to sign for lighting the streets.

Mrs. Rebekah Brooks has served 19 years as Treasurer of W. R. C. 161, and entered on her 20th a few days ago.

Seagulls visited this city last Wednesday, but they did not tarry a great while. They are not often seen hereabouts.

Melrose is making a smart fight for a 5-cent fare to Boston against the Boston & Northern Company. It looks as though they might win.

Major H. C. Hall has placed an under obligation to him for favors in the shape of newspaper clippings concerning his old Kenebec home.

The promised big Chicago blizzard petered all out before reaching the New England coast. It was tough in the "Windy City," but mild and balmy here.

Last Sunday evening, Judge Charles D. Adams gave an address at the North Congregational Church on "Law," for which he is eminently fitted.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Mrs. Annie E. Strout, Miss Josephine Whitcomb, Gunnar Ekman and Mrs. Musolino are to give a concert in the Wilmington Town Hall next Monday evening.

— It should not be forgotten that the High School annual ball is to come off on Friday evening, Feb. 2. It is high time to secure tickets, for there is bound to be a big rush.

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to hold their annual ball at the Auditorium this evening. This social event never fails to bring out a multitude of the best people in the city.

— Miss Bessie March, daughter of Rev. William March, missionary in far Eastern lands, has been visiting her grandfather, Rev. Dr. March, Pastor Emeritus of First Church, this week.

— The 200th anniversary of the birthday of Benjamin Franklin was celebrated in Boston last Wednesday, Jan. 17. The municipal government, schools, and others joined in the celebration.

— Those who know say that a better appointment for the Board of Overseers of the Poor than that of Walter L. Poole could not have been made. He is admirably qualified in every way for the office.

— North Woburn is getting to be a great patent leather making center. Factories are increasing in number and capacity constantly. The last man to go into the business is Clarence A. Pierce, late druggist.

— The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the usual place Monday afternoon, Jan. 29, at 3 o'clock. A full attendance is requested, as this will be the last meeting before Convention.—PRESS STAFF.

— Mr. and Mrs. Alvah A. Persons celebrated the 58th anniversary of their wedding day at their home on Bow street last Saturday evening. They received calls and good wishes from many of their good friends.

— Officers of Winn Camp of S. of V. were installed last Wednesday evening. Their names appeared in the JOURNAL a week or two ago. The G. A. R. and W. R. C. were guests of the Camp at the installation.

— At 11 A. M. last Tuesday, Mr. P. E. Bancroft dropped into Mr. George Durward's market and informed him that it was then 65 in the shade. And at about the same time Capt. Rice told a friend that winter is broken.

— Mayor Linscott hopes to be able to prevail on Supt. Kirkland of the Moth Commission to allow the unpaid bills presented for moth work, although Supt. Kirkland, with good reason, balks at it. It is hoped the Mayor will succeed.

— The Woburn Hack Trust had all the cigars they could smoke, and were in ecstasies, a few days ago, because of a male addition to the family of their President, Mr. Frank A. Fitzgerald. And the President was the happiest man of the crowd.

— It is gratifying to learn that Chief of Police McDermott has notified dealers that prosecutions will swiftly follow the illegal sale of cigarettes. Boys not over 7 years old are seen every day smoking them, and prompt measures should be taken to stop it.

— Dr. J. Henry Hutchings has been reappointed a member of the Board of Health for a term of 3 years, to take effect on Feb. 5, 1906. Last September he was appointed by Mayor Reade to fill a vacancy. It is a good choice that Mayor Linscott has made.

— A week ago yesterday the boiler that supplies heat for the JOURNAL block gave out, and for nearly a week the building has been without any heat. This accounts for the leanness of the JOURNAL's local columns, which, we hope, our patrons will kindly excuse.

— James Russell Lowell G. A. R. Post of Boston are to entertain the Woburn Brass Band, of which Thomas H. Marrian is Leader, next Tuesday evening, Jan. 30. The band furnished music for the Post on their visit to Maine last summer, when the boys had such a grand time.

— The remarkable spell of weather which began on Sunday evening in a heavy rain which lasted from 9:30 Tuesday evening to 6 A. M. Wednesday. The clouds rolled by, a cold wind came out of the north, mercury fell to normal figures, and a bright, cool winter day followed. That was the end of the heated term.

— A hose coupling contest is to take place in the Auditorium on the evening of Feb. 7. A dance will follow the exhibition. A large crowd are expected to be present. Up-to-date, Woburn hosemen have won all the first honors in the several contests that have been held in neighboring towns.

— Instead of 150 only 15 men were set to work destroying moth nests last Monday morning. That is better. It looks like economy. It shows, too, that Mayor Linscott is inaugurating a business administration to be conducted on business principles, and that he has a sharp eye on the expense account.

— At a meeting of the Board of Public Works last week it was voted to call for new bids for building the school-house, and the same has been advertised for in the Boston papers. The bids to close on Feb. 5. The Finance Committee of the City Council reported in favor of a loan of \$30,000 for the new schoolhouse.

— At 6 o'clock last Monday evening while passing Boston's drug store a Mr. Hastings of Boston was taken suddenly and severely ill and went into the store. Doctors Lane and Conlin were summoned when, after examining the man, ordered his removal to a Boston hospital, for which he left on the 7 o'clock P. M. train.

— The following is added to our last week's report of the First Church annual meeting: Deaconesses, Mrs. Ellen Brooks, Miss Clara Esnes; Auditors, C. Bertrand Street, Alex. Murray; Supt. Sunday School, George F. Bean; Asst., Marcus H. Cotton. The annual reports varied but little from those of former years.

— Mr. Frank U. Perkins, the North Woburn trader, died suddenly at his home in that village last Wednesday morning of heart failure. He had been in his usual health, and his very sudden death was a surprise and a shock to his family and the community. He was 42 years old last November, a son of the late Uriah and Madeline Perkins.

— The Mayor, City Council and Board of Public Works are pulling together like a well matched, harmonious, and willing 3-cattle team, which means something will be done, in a sensible business way, for the taxpayers this year. The absence of friction at City Hall is in happy contrast with conditions there during 1905. Business men are at the helm.

— It will be a good plan for our people to remember that next Friday, Feb. 2, is Groundhog Day, and to take special notice of the weather forecast at noon on that day. It will be well enough, for farmers, to take account of stock and see if they have on hand "half their wood and half their hay," a condition that Candelmas demanded in the old times.

— The annual report for 1905 of Tufts College is received, and going over its lists of undergraduates the following from Woburn are found: John P. Jones, Mary L. Doherty, Gertrude A. Neville, John O. Connolly, Carl P. Hubbard, Gardner M. Pierce, Charles R. McGann, Amy G. Bond, Edward P. Kelly, George W. Heaslip, Joseph E. Talley, John F. Queenan.

— Miss Lillian Graves, chief operator at the telephone exchange in this city, and her assistants, by prompt and courageous action prevented a big fire last Sunday morning. The blaze was caused by an electric wire back of a switchboard, but was kept in check by the young women until aid arrived. All the trunk lines were burned out.

— The flight of wild geese northward was reported during the heated term the forepart of this week, but the story was not believed by a majority of the people. It was true, however, that those sultry days had a mollifying effect on the price of eggs. Apparently the hens thought spring had really come, and they might as well face the music and go to work in earnest then as at any other time.

— It isn't to be presumed that interested parties can be made to acknowledge that the cutting of limbs and boughs to destroy moth nests does the trees vastly more injury than the moths are accountable for, but such is the case. That is what practical men say. And of its truth there can be no doubt. By the way, have our readers noticed that Supt. Kirkland says parties of the above stripe are smuggling moth nests into Rhode Island to the spread of the pest? Their object is plain enough to be seen.

— The Woburn Woman's Club will give a luncheon on Jan. 31st at the Unitarian vestry at 1:30 P. M. The menu will be delicious, and the luncheon there will be an illustrated lecture on "Pure Food" by Miss Lillian Bullock of Philadelphia, and music. Tickets 25 cents. All interested in the Club are cordially invited to attend. Tickets can be procured of any officer of the Club. On Feb. 10, W. W. C. will hold a sale of second-hand articles in the store formerly occupied by Fitzwilliam & Co.

— The most remarkable spell of weather ever experienced in this part of the country has prevailed this week. It began on Sunday when thermometers showed from 67 to 70 in the shade all day. On Monday the temperature was a few degrees lower, but ranged from 63 to 68, and Tuesday was another warm one. Old people and records fail to bring forward anything like such weather the middle of January in the years gone by, near or remote. Doors and windows stood open all Sunday, and heaters were at a discount in homes and business places.

— 115 P. M., Jan. 28, 1906: temperature 70 degrees above zero in the shade! The Boston papers said that in the suburbs, tree buds swelled and burst, crocuses bloomed, frogs croaked, birds chirped, bees hummed, and farmers finished their spring ploughing. They probably lied, but it was hot for a January day, and Professor Hood, the organist, said that the talk about some such weather 25 years ago this month was apocryphal, to say the least. And then he wiped his perspiring brow with a handkerchief.

— A sorry fight is going on in St. Mary's (R. C.) church in Winchester. It is pure, intense, of special benevolent nature, and is a very interesting influence on the disease, driving it entirely to the system. It is much to be preferred to Quackery having been of this kind's bad after-effects. St. Mary's is a very low level with malaria fever and jaundice, till he took Electric Bitters, which cured him. He is now a healthy man. Price 60c, guaranteed.

— The Ladies Charitable Society and Branch Alliance of the Unitarian church will hold its regular meeting on Thursday, Feb. 1, at four o'clock Rev. Henry C. Parker will give a paper on "The Pentateuch." Supper will be served at 6:30, followed by an evening entertainment at eight o'clock under the auspices of the Covenant Club. There will be musical numbers by Messrs. Parker, Hicks, Robinson and Cowlishaw, and by Master Edwin Wallis, the boy soprano, also readings by Mr. Cowlishaw. The usual prices will be charged.

— Careful investigation discloses the fact that the '06, four years course, class of our High School numbers 32—16 boys and 16 girls. Of these 13 boys are intending to go to College—Harvard, 4; Tufts, 8; State College, 1. The number of girls of '06 who intend to go beyond the High School is 8—Wellesley, 1; Bradford Academy, 1; Normal School, 6. The percent of attendance of the group of 32 for the first 18 weeks of the present school year was 99, a most remarkable showing, hitherto unapproached. Only 2 cases of tardiness, and 9 dismissals, were recorded by Master Owen during the 18 weeks. It is a "Go-to-School" Class, sure enough!

— Harriet Howard, of New York, at one time had her beauty spoiled with skin trouble. She writes: "I had Salt Rheum or Eczema for years, but nothing would cure it, until I used Bucklin's Kidney & Blood Purifier. A quick and sure healer for cuts, burns and sores. 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store."

— Yesterday evening the 70th anniversary of the birthday of Mr. Joseph Linnell was observed at his home, 133 Montvale avenue, when and where several pleasant hours were passed.

— It was really a birthday party in which a goodly number of friends and neighbors took part. Mr. James H. Linnell was Master of Ceremonies, assisted by members of the family, and a good order of exercises was well carried out. Mr. Joseph Linnell had sufficiently recovered from a recent illness to enable him to enter into the celebration with spirit, and the keenest enjoyment. None of the addresses or accessories of a first-class birthday party were missing. To Mr. Linnell the JOURNAL would say, in the words of the late lamented Rip Van Winkle, "May you live long and prosper."

— By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that Mr. W. E. McLaughlin and Mr. Herbert S. Dennison have bought out the Pierce (late Robbins) Drug Company, and under the firm name of McLaughlin & Dennison, will carry on the business at the old stand 417 Main street. The experience of these enterprising young men with drugs and medicines is fully set forth in their advertisement, and it is needless to say that they understand the trade, root and branch, for their long service here has furnished abundant proof of it. Both are well liked as druggists, and popular socially. Mr. McLaughlin is a member of the Knights of Columbus and Towanda Club, the leading societies in this city; and Mr. Dennison is prominent in the Towanda Club. They deserve the esteem in which they are held. Their new owners of the old drug store will be successful in their venture admits of no doubt.

— As was announced in last week's issue of the JOURNAL, the marriage of Albert Gould Richards of Springfield, Illinois, and Florence E. Morrison of Joliet, Illinois, took place in the latter city on January 15, 1906. The ceremonies were held in the Episcopal church, and conducted by the Rev. Mr. McLean. After the hymenal knot had been tied a reception was given at the residence of Mr. John L. Morrison, which was largely attended by the friends of the bride and groom. The bride is a member of leading family, and a woman of wealth of costly and beautiful possessions. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel H. Richards of this city, who sent greetings and presents to their son and his bride. Mr. Albert G. Richards is connected, in a responsible and profitable capacity, with one of the largest agricultural implements manufacturing establishments in the West, located at Springfield, where he and his wife will make their home.

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— So many good things might be said about the Gentlemen's Night of the Woman's Club held Jan. 19, that it is hard to make a selection when the whole affair, from the planning to the execution, was so perfect. The best one of the Club have ever favored the public with. Likewise, it was the largest. The estimated attendance was from 600 to 700. The advertisement of a dance after the reception and entertainment programme induced a great many young people to come to it, for dancing is a strong magnet for that class in the community. Its introduction to the evening's entertainment was a happy hit. Refreshments, too, for the Club have ever favored the public with. Likewise, it was the largest. The estimated attendance was from 600 to 700. The advertisement of a dance after the reception and entertainment programme induced a great many young people to come to it, for dancing is a strong magnet for that class in the community. Its introduction to the evening's entertainment was a happy hit. 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The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, FEB. 2, 1906.

At a meeting of the School Board held last Tuesday evening Mr. Andrew R. Linscott, Principal of the Randolph school, handed in his resignation, which was accepted with regret, and a committee appointed to draft a set of resolutions appropriate to the same. Mr. Linscott has taught, with marked success, 40 years in the school, having entered it soon after his return from performing valuable service for the Union in the Civil War, and has continued at his post ever since. Our schools have never had a teacher more efficient, or popular, than Principal Linscott, and it is with sincere reluctance that the Board and public accept his resignation, especially as he is to the prime of life, and good for many more years of pedagogical work. Mr. Linscott is one of Woburn's best and most highly respected citizens.

A few days ago the famous French actress Sarah Bernhardt, was sued in Boston by Edward Kissin of London, England, for breach of contract, in the sum of \$20,000. The plaintiff claims that he secured the present professional engagement, just closed in Boston, for Mme. Bernhardt, for which he was to receive a liberal commission. The actress denies his statement. All of which has no particular interest for the readers of the JOURNAL, except in this, that Mr. Kissin's lawyers are Hon. John B. Moran, District Attorney for Suffolk County, and J. P. & J. E. Feeney of this city and Boston. T. J. Barry of Worcester defends Mme. Bernhardt. The case is to be tried in Boston next month, unless previously settled.

Professor C. H. Fernald of Amherst Agricultural College says that "in the case of the brownish moth there is no hope of exterminating or controlling it in woodlands," and the case of the gypsy is not much better. Thus slowly, but surely, are scientists and other wise men coming to accept the ground taken by the JOURNAL years ago, namely, that the moth can't be exterminated, except by its natural enemy, of the bug species, which, in due time, will come along and do its work effectually.

The Boston & Maine Railroad Company have recently, on their own motion, advanced the wages of freight conductors and brakemen 7 percent, with which proceeding that class of employees offered not the least objection. Newspapers, these days, seldom have an opportunity to publish a case of unsolicited generosity like this of the Boston & Maine.

State Supt. Kirkland has not O.K'd the Woburn bills for moth killing under the last city administration, and there is no knowing when he will, if ever. By the way, why is Supt. Kirkland so persistent in his demand that the present local moth inspector should be retained in the office he holds on the face of considerable opposition?

In their report for 1905 the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital say the institution contributed during the year \$700,000 to the charitable side of its vast operations. It is noticed that Hon. John M. Harlow of this city has paid his \$100 for 1906, and retains a bed in the Hospital, as he has done for years past.

Gov. Gould's third and final public reception was given last Monday evening to the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. Like the former ones, it was a brilliant social event. Company G, 5th Regiment, was handsomely represented by Captain McCarthy.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.
C. A. Jones, Mortuary.
J. G. Maguire—City.
Plimpton Hervey Co.—Furniture.

Feb. 2: cold and windy.
Hose coupling contest at the Auditorium next Wednesday evening.

January came in as mild and gentle as a lamb, and went out in the same manner.

Mr. Fred W. Prior started Saturday for an extended business trip through the West.

Hope Circle, D. R., are to give a Valentine party in Odd Fellows Hall on the evening of Feb. 14.

The soloist at the Unitarian church next Sunday morning is to be Mr. Louis Schalk, baritone.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church will give one of their popular 25c suppers, Feb. 22.

The Baptist and Methodist basketball teams played each other at the Methodist gym last evening.

The ladies of Trinity church realized \$68 from their sale last Saturday. That was really business.

Miss Stella M. Hayes and pupils gave an entertainment at the Y. M. C. A. in Malden on Wednesday evening.

The St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to give their annual minstrel show on March 17, St. Patrick's Day, as usual.

Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church, lectured at Melrose last Monday evening.

Please take particular notice of the change of Druggist F. P. Brooks in this paper. It is worth reading carefully.

On Sunday evening Rev. Frank Poole Johnson of New Orleans preached to a crowded congregation at Trinity church.

Next Sunday evening at 7 P. M. there will be a Missionary Concert by the Sunday School held in the M. E. Church.

The Junior Christian Endeavor Society are to give a Colonial Tea at the First Baptist church on the evening of Feb. 19.

A grandson of Mr. B. T. H. Porter and a daughter of Oliver Bacon were married at Somerville last Monday evening.

The Woman's Club's luncheon at the Unitarian church last Wednesday was conducted by Lillian Bullock, and well patronized.

A grand concert under the auspices of Trinity Club, Woburn, will be held in Music Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 23, 1906. Talent announced later.

The engagement is announced of Helen Bancroft Cook to Mr. William C. Stephenson, Harvard '02, of Winter Hill, Mass. The wedding will take place in June.

E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

The subject that Prof. Sumner of Harvard University is to treat before the Woman's Club this afternoon he calls "The Flight and Return of the Royal Family."

Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward lectured before the Woman's Club and public at Amesbury a few days ago. She has several other lecture engagements booked.

The Junior Christian Endeavor Society of the First Baptist church will give a Colonial Tea and Entertainment on Monday evening, Feb. 19, at 7.15. Tickets 15 cents.

Remember that the hose coupling contest is to take place in this city on Feb. 7. Signs point to a big attendance and a smart fight for first prize. Help the "Laddies."

Last Monday morning Mr. W. H. Slater painted the Mayor's office in City Hall in fine style. Mr. Slater is the boss in this line of work with pencil and brush.

We have been remembered by Mr. B. T. H. Porter in the welcome receipt of a set of fine 1906 calendars issued by the insurance companies of which he is local agent.

The St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to organize the strongest kind of a baseball team for the coming season. No expense will be spared to secure the best talent in the State.

It is getting to be the usual thing at the Sunday evening service at Trinity church to supplement the text with thirty or forty chairs, all of which are filled by service men.

Rev. Frank P. Johnson, pastor of St. Andrews Episcopal church at New Orleans, La., son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Johnson of this city, preached at Trinity church last Sunday.

Water Commissioner E. F. Hayward and lady attended the Golden Wedding of Mr. Hayward's uncle, a younger brother of his father, in Boston last Tuesday. It was a family affair.

Handled have not been in brisk demand here this winter, except for a few days some weeks ago. The boys and girls think the old Weatherman hasn't given them a square deal this season.

Mayor Linscott has changed his office hours in City Hall as follows: Monday, Thursday and Saturday evenings 7.30 o'clock; on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 8.30 o'clock.

Mr. John J. Grothe lately built and shipped on Tuesday a large plow for the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Transit Co. He has many orders for snowplows, which enjoy a wide and favorable reputation.

Mr. Samuel Leeds, Dean of the Public Hackmen Trust, celebrated the 69th anniversary of his birthday last Wednesday. He is hale and hearty, and his many friends hope his life may be a long and merry one.

Arthur Cunningham and Frank Callahan of Hosiery 1 were selected by Littlefield to enter the coupling contest to be given by the Calumet Club of Winchester at their Clubhouse next Saturday evening.

Joseph W. Fields, Thomas Moore and his daughter Nellie, attended Governor Gould's grand reception of the military last Monday evening. It was a lighted affair, and much enjoyed by the Woburn guests.

A whole lot of gunners engaged in a spirited fox hunt at North Reading last Saturday. Of course, J. E. Boutwell and "Spot" had a hand in it. The two together are the most successful fox chasers in this neck of woods.

Mrs. Louise Williams of Somerville and her sister, Miss Sarah Allen of Illinois, visited friends in this city a few days since. Guests and hosts were neighbors, years ago, in the Prairie State, and, of course, enjoyed the visit.

Mr. W. H. Slater received a handsome acknowledgment from the Elks of the present from him of a fine oil painting of an elk which now ornaments their Lodge. It was a generous gift from Mr. Slater, and the Lodge highly appreciated it.

A fine session was held by the School Board last Tuesday evening, at which no business of importance was transacted. The Committee on appropriations asked for \$63,212 for the present year. Fire escapes for schoolhouses were discussed.

The Woburn friends of Mr. C. H. Leathe, perhaps, like to learn that his present home is No. 1 Alston Terrace, West Medford, to which he and his family recently moved. He is a fellow printer, and as good at the case as the best in Boston.

Mr. Charles R. Rosequist returned from a Southern trip a few days ago. He was accompanied by Rev. J. A. Johnson of Lynn. They visited in South Carolina and Georgia, their object being to advance the interests of Scandinavians in this section of country.

This evening, providence permitting, Chas. '06 of the High School are to hold their annual dance at Trinity church. The proceeds of which will go towards defraying graduation expenses next June. They deserve to be liberally patronized, as, no doubt, they will be.

We learn from a recent issue of The Birmingham (Ala.) News, that our fellow townsman, Rev. R. H. Keller, has been re-elected traveling agent for the Colored Orphan and Old Folks Home. Mr. Keller is now in Birmingham in the interest of the Home; and, at a mass meeting held there in its interest, received the thanks of the clergy and other people on the Advisory Board of his successful work in its behalf.

Mr. William W. Crosby of Passaic, N. J., visited his mother here, Mrs. Florence W. Crosby of Court street, last Sunday and went to hear Rev. Dr. Norton preach at the old sanctuary, under the droppings of which he received a large share of his religious training.

The newly elected officers of the First Baptist Sunday School are: Supt., George F. Fodick; Assistant Supt., Wallace M. Buffinch; Supt. of Primary Department, Mrs. Helen F. Ayer; Supt. of Home Department, Miss C. Stearns; Sec. of T. L. T. Thomas A. McLean; Librarian, Fred Y. Smith.

In the course of a couple of weeks Mrs. Carrie E. Dow of 9 Arlington Road will leave here for Birmingham, Alabama, to visit her sons Fred T. and Julian E. who are engaged in the iron industry there. She likes the Southern climate very much, and will remain at Birmingham until some date in May next.

Woburn churches would find it hard to make both ends meet financially were it not for the zeal and activity of their female members. What with sales, suppers, fairs and entertainments the women are large and constant contributors to the support of the gospel here, and much credit is due to them.

The Woburn officials, who with their wives had the honor and pleasure of attending Governor Gould's reception one evening last week were: Mayor Arthur H. Linscott, President W. E. Blodgett of the City Council, Alderman Fred J. Brown, George W. Buchanan, Benjamin H. Nichols, John S. Jaquith.

The 35th anniversary ball of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. last week was a fine affair. The Auditorium was densely crowded with dancers and spectators who enjoyed every minute of the time given to regarding the lively scene, tripping, and listening to the music of Caldon's Orchestra. The ball yielded the Society a golden harvest.

On Thursday evening, March 8, Rev. Allen Stockdale of Berkeley Temple, Boston, is to deliver a lecture at the North Congregational church on "Shall the Corners of a Man's Mouth turn up or down?" Judging from the reputation of the gentleman and the oddity of his subject, it is safe to conclude that his lecture will be something worth listening to.

At the funeral of Mr. Frank U. Perkins, held last Friday, Rev. George H. Felt, pastor of the North Congregational church, paid a loving and well deserved tribute to the memory of that highly esteemed citizen of the North Village, whose sudden death, in the prime of manhood, cast a deep gloom over the community in which he lived. The Tripps conducted the funeral.

At the annual meeting of First Parish held on Jan. 26, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Parish Committee, Messrs. W. W. Fox, Clerk; C. Forest Richardson, Treasurer and Collector; Edward E. Thompson; Auditor; Marcus H. Cotton. It was voted to raise \$6,600 for Parish expenses for 1906. The Parish is free from debt, and in a prosperous condition.

Last Monday Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Cummings left their pleasant home on Garfield avenue for the Indian River region in Florida, where they intend to remain until warmer weather prevails in this part of the country. Mr. Cummings is one of the old and successful leather manufacturers of Woburn and can afford, as he deserves, to enjoy the best quality of climate and weather there is to be found.

The annual report of Rev. James J. Keegan, Rector of St. Charles church, made last Sunday, shows that the church is in a prosperous condition, and growing more so year by year. During 1905 its debt was reduced \$8,000, leaving only \$10,000 to be met. The parish is a large one and embraces quite a number of wealthy men. The receipts for the year were \$17,000.

Leader Marriano and his Band, men started off in high feather for Boston on the 7 o'clock train last Tuesday evening to enjoy a reception and supper tendered them by James Russell Lowell Post, G. A. R. The Band were employed to furnish music for the Post's their memorable excursion to Maine last summer, and so well pleased were the Veterans with the Band's performance down on the Kennebec that the reception Tuesday evening was given in recognition of them.

Several appointments will take up the burdens and emoluments of city officials next Monday, Feb. 5, among them Albert F. Converse, Solicitor; Arthur E. Gage, Assessor; Walter L. Poole, Board of Overseers of the Poor; Dr. J. Henry Hutchinson, Board of Health; Thomas E. Caulfield, Physician; Edward Simonds, Messenger. Four of them are reappointments, and two are new comers. Looking at them from any and every standpoint, they appear to be a good set of men, who know how to and will attend to the duties of their respective offices in good shape.

The change of wind and temperature last Sunday evening came like a dose of hotness to the troubled soul of the icecreamers here, for it revived their hopes of a fine crop from Horn Pond which the uncommonly warm weather of the week before had dissipated. They felt better for the change, and the renewal of hope and confidence was plainly visible on their late anxious countenances and despondent actions. They were assured by old men and women that there would be enough before the flowers bloom in the spring but not until the cold snap put in an appearance was the burden of fear lifted from their aching hearts.

The concert and readings at Town Hall, Wilmington, on Monday evening, given by Miss Josephine Whitcomb, assisted by Mr. Ekanan, violinist, and Mrs. Strout, accompanist, was a very successful entertainment and won generous appreciation from the audience. The last car from Wilmington was crowded with Woburn friends who turned out in good numbers to the support of our local talent. Miss Whitcomb is to appear in Wilmington again in February on the occasion of the concert to be given by the graduating class of the Wilmington High School.

The good people of Burlington are waiting patiently, but somewhat anxiously, for the waters to move that will enable them to come down to Woburn by trolley, a privilege that they have long been debarred from enjoying. We believe the Lowell & Woburn Co. have until June 1, next, to start the cars to whizzing again, but the opinion prevailed that the idea of Mr. W. will witness the full fruition of their hopes. Burlington needs the road bad, but didn't fully realize its advantages until deprived of them. Now the great accommodation is soon to be restored; the line is to be a trunk one from Boston to Lowell; and the good people of pretty Burlington are happy.

City Messenger Edward Simonds, the oldest in the State, attended the annual meeting of Massachusetts City Messengers at the Revere House, Boston, last Saturday, and enjoyed it, especially the banquet, as he never enjoyed one of the annuals before. He was never in better plight, or livelier of foot and tongue, than when met by a JOURNAL reporter early Saturday morning, dressed in his finest go-to-meeting suit, in joyful anticipation of a gala day at the Revere House with a host of City Messengers from all over the State, and by the side of him, He is Dean of the Guild, and was duly and highly honored as such at the annual meet. He is 86 years old, a live Yankee to the core.

Last Wednesday morning a delegation from the Painters Guild of this city waited on Mayor Linscott with a view of securing justice to Woburn painters in the distribution of the city's work in their line. They claim that not only is gross favoritism shown towards some of the bosses, but that recent work done by them is of the poorest quality, and not worth the price paid for it. The chief complaint of the Guild is that they are not given a fair show for the city's work; that a few men with "pulls" get it at their own figures; and insist that it is time to call a halt. The Mayor listened attentively to the delegation, and promised to do all that lies in his power to rectify the evil, and to see that all painters be given a square deal.

This is Candlemas, or Groundhog Day. We go to press too early to report the animal's noonday weather prognostic for the next six weeks, but many others, who are bound to believe, watched, with interest, the result of his observations at 12 o'clock, the hour of his emergence from a winter's sleep on purpose to perform that duty. We are informed by a Davenport paper that Mr. Warren Teel of that city, who is President of the Iowa State Groundhog Association, is to preside at an anniversary and banquet to be held at the LeClair House this evening in honor of the Association's Patron Saint, which is more generally known in New England by the name of Woodchuck. Our word for it, Mr. Teel will reflect credit on the occasion.

The Murdock and Bond shops are about the only ones that are now making leather in this city, the others, belonging to the Hide & Leather Company, having been moved to the city. Ernest Poole has found such a character, and has put him into a story of his own making, called "Old Bernstein and 'De Great Fiddle,'" which appears in the February number of McClure's.

Old Bernstein is a quaint figure, just this side of the grave, white-haired and sharp-tongued, with one great passion—the saving to posterity of old violins. When the greatest violinist in the world is caught in a railroad wreck he brings his instrument to Bernstein. The little piece, inserted into the back by his father in Germany years ago has been displaced, and to save his life Bernstein gives the strength to his own. He knows that it will be a miracle if he can give back to the violin the tone which has been lost. He is a great workaholic of him in his workshop all day and all night, growing weaker and weaker, the violinist watching him, knowing that the slight chance left depends on the old man's strength holding out to him to his last breath.

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Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hayward are contemplating an early departure for the land of magnolias, mockingbirds, and Indian River oranges.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cotton entertained the officers of Aberjona Colony, U. O. P. F., at their home on Fairmount street last Monday evening.

The Carr shop on Park street owned by Edward Caldwell is to be occupied by the Ballard Leather Co. for the manufacture of patent leather.

The Woburn Machine Company, Marriano & O'Brien, proprietors, are employing, at the present time, 56 experienced workmen in their business, the average number being about 45. It is one of the most prosperous concerns in this city, and deserves to be, for the proprietors are among our most worthy citizens. The feature of their business which is not locally encouraging is that 90 percent of it is foreign to this city, that is, 90 percent of their work is done by parties outside of Woburn—at Passaic, Danvers, Salem, and other towns and cities not far from here. The Company does first-class work, orders for which are constantly increasing.

Proudly waving a copy of the Boston Post over his head, Mr. Nathaniel Simonds entered his home on Church avenue last Monday, and before he had fairly crossed the threshold exclaimed: "Wife, our pictures have got into the newspapers at last," and then he showed, pointed to the Post. Sure enough, there they were! At least, the lettering under them informed the public that the pictures were those of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds, although no person the least acquainted with that estimable couple would have dreamed that such was the fact. It was like this: Edward Simonds (no relation of Nathaniel's), 88, on Jan. 28, 1906, the oldest City Messenger in Massachusetts, and the spryest, attended the annual meeting of City Messengers in Boston last Saturday, and was highly honored. That was choice material for a Post story, illustrated, so the reporter came to Woburn for the facts and portraits. Both duly appeared in the Post. But, oh my! There was the picture of the venerable Edward, and by the side of it one of his wife, who passed from earth several years ago! Beneath his it read: "Nathaniel Simonds"; and beneath the female it read "Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds." They were amazed, and how, or wherefore, the combination was effected; where the reporter obtained their names; were questions that they failed to solve. It was, indeed, a strange mixup.

Chas. W. Moore, a machinist, of Ford City, Pa., had his hand frightfully burned in the engine of a steam boiler, at the Bucken's Arms Salvage with the usual result: "a quick and perfect cure." Get local dealer for Ford City, Wounds, Sores, Eczema and Piles. 25c at Robbins Drug Co.'s Druggists.

Report of Assessors.
The City Assessors have made their report for 1905. In it they show that the number of residents assessed was 1772, all other, 466; non residents on property 1201, all others 188—total 3677. Assessed on polls only 3157. There were 708 houses; 289 cows, 262 swine; 3090 tons; 2625 horses. Ex. emp. 13,880.00; 1,521.50; 2,110.11; 1,340.14; \$213,932.32.

Real Personal. \$8,862,009
1,891,011
\$10,753,020
\$8,200.00
Polls 4140
City \$167,315.80
County 11,399.95
State Highways 1,014.65
Metropolitan Sewer 5,238.71
State 13,880.00
Executions 1,521.50
Overlay 2,110.11
Street Watering 1,340.14

Old Bernstein and 'De Great Fiddle.'
One doesn't realize how many old characters, how many strange individuals there are, until he goes down into the bowels of the city, and out of their own lives, without bothering about the rest of the world any more, he gets a new twist to his old character, and has put him into a story of his own making, called "Old Bernstein and 'De Great Fiddle,'" which appears in the February number of McClure's.

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"SALLY OF OURS"

By CLAUDE PAMARES

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At the railroad eating house at Pine Hill they called her "Our Sally" and "Sally of Ours." Pine Hill was a small station at the foot of the mountains, and the eating house was for the convenience of the freight train crews and the few mechanics kept in the shop there to make repairs. It was Mother Walker who kept the Eagle Eating House, but it was "Sally of Ours" who got most of the credit. She was a young woman of twenty-eight, rough and uncultured and by no means good looking, but considerate and kind hearted to a degree. In a way, all the boys came to know that she had seen trouble, and they were careful not to indulge in remarks to hurt her feelings. It was always "Our Sally" who bound up their hurts or was ready with a remedy at the first sign of mountain fever.

It was a little community, seldom added to or detracted from. It was quite an event when one day a new freight brakeman appeared among them. He was a man of thirty, and it was at once apparent that he was out of his element. He had the bearing and speech of a gentleman.

Within an hour of the arrival of his new train he was a recognized member of "Gentleman George," and no one at Pine Hill ever learned that he had any other name. He dropped into his place among the rest, was in time called a good fellow, and things went on as before.

Not exactly, however—not with "Sally of Ours." Every man of the crowd was in the habit of speaking to her kindly, but there was something beyond that in the attitude of the new man. In a dim way she realized that he was above them in her and social standing. She had made friends with the ordinary trainmen as an equal, but she feared and respected the new man. She heard it whispered that disappointment in love or some family matter had made a wanderer of him, and that added to the romance.

Within a month "Sally of Ours" was in love with "Gentleman George," but not for worlds would she have given her secret away. For a woman who had no social training she was a good thing, but there was something beyond that in the attitude of the new man. In a dim way she realized that he was above them in her and social standing. She had made friends with the ordinary trainmen as an equal, but she feared and respected the new man. She heard it whispered that disappointment in love or some family matter had made a wanderer of him, and that added to the romance.

The boys saw the two off with a farewell, and "Gentleman George" spent five minutes looking for "Our Sally" to shake hands with her. He did not find her until he had penetrated to the kitchen. Then she pretended to the tears in her eyes and her flushed face were caused by smoke. She was so nervous over the handshaking that the young man looked at her in surprise.

The idea that she might care for him was one of the things of which he had never dreamed. Had she confessed to him he would have smiled first and then been hard put to it to turn the matter off without hurting her feelings.

"And what's the meaning of this, I'd like to know?" asked Mother Walker as she entered the kitchen a few minutes after the prospectors had disappeared up the trail and found her helper with her head on the table.

"I've got—the toothache," was the willing reply.

"Um!" said the other. "I didn't know but that you'd been silly enough to think of love. Well, drop a little peppermint into your tooth, and then we'll go to work and clear up these dishes."

When two months had gone by the return of the prospectors was looked for daily. Winter threatened to set in early. The days went by and the snows came and the men did not return.

One evening when the first blizzard of the season was howling around Pine Hill Jack Rutledge came crawling in. He was the partner, and he was so knocked about and exhausted that it was twenty-four hours before they got a statement from him. The prospectors had had poor luck and had been waiting till the last moment in hope of bettering it. Then came an unlooked for calamity. "Gentleman George" had been taken ill, and within thirty-six hours he developed a case of smallpox.

"And you left him there to die alone?" demanded Sally. "Of course."

"We had no food, no medicines. And what could I do?" he asked.

"Shame on you forever! In twenty-four hours the blizzard will have passed. What then? Ask you, Jack Rutledge, and I ask every other man present—what then?"

No answer. The partner had said the distance was at least thirty miles to the rude shanty they had made headquarters, and there would be a foot and a half of snow on the ground and zero weather after the passing blizzard. No man felt that he had one chance in twenty of reaching the sick man.

"And what then?" asked the woman again. There was the same silence and shaking of heads as before.

Next morning, an hour after daylight, Mother Walker found the young woman making up a bundle and putting on her heaviest garments.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I am going after George," was the quiet reply.

"What? Thirty miles through weather like this?"

"There is no man here, and so I am forced to go myself. I will be no use to argue. If he is alive I will bring him back. Say nothing to the boys until I am gone. Then have them get a warm room in one of the sheds. You can get one of the Indian boys to bring us food, and the operator will telegraph to Cedar Crest for the doctor."

"Sally of Ours" was gone before the railroad hands knew anything about it. The blizzard passed away as the day grew older, but every man knew that with that depth of snow on the ground and the thermometer standing way below zero the woman had set herself a tremendous task. Even if she succeeded in reaching the spot she would find the sick man dead.

Three days passed. They were days

THE AMBER HARVEST.

Work of the Waters and the Divers of the Baltic Sea.

The poor people who earn a precarious livelihood by gathering amber on the shores of the Baltic sea work only in the roughest weather. When the wind blows in from the sea, as it often does with terrific violence, the bowlers are tossed and tumbled at the bottom and great quantities of sea weed are washed up on the beach. This is the harvest of the waters, for hidden in the roots and branches of the seaweed lumps of the precious gum may be found.

In other parts of the coast divers go crawling on the bottom of the sea for the lumps of amber hidden in seaweed and under rocks. It is believed that once a great pine forest flourished here where the great billows roll and that amber is the gum exuded from the trees, of which not a vestige remains.

The finds are very variable. The largest piece known, weighing eighteen pounds, was found in a Royal museum in Berlin. The usual finds range from lumps as big as a man's head to particles like grains of sand. The larger pieces are found jammed in rocks or in tangles of marine vegetation. Divers work from four to five hours a day in all seasons, except when the sea is blocked with ice. The work is so arduous that they are bathed in perspiration even in the coldest weather. For all their grinding toil the Samland natives are happy in their way and increase and multiply as in more favored regions of the earth.

At the end of three weeks the room was thrown open one morning. The place was filled, and then "Sally of Ours" walked forth with the skeleton of a man clinging to her arm. A month later "Gentleman George" was something like his old self again. He had been most unusually quiet during the month, and the young woman had lost her smile and her repartee. Every one felt that something must happen, and it was an engineer who said:

"Yes, something must happen, and I can tell you what it'll be. They will get married, of course."

"Sally," said "Gentleman George" the next day, "I am going away—going back east. You saved my life."

"Stop there, George," she replied as she lifted a hand. "I belong with the crowd. You don't feel grateful, and perhaps you are going to ask me to be your wife. Don't do it. We should both be miserable. If, as a gentleman, you can remember Sally of the eating house, that's all I ask. You couldn't pull me up, and I'm the last one who would want to drag you down. We'll shake hands, and—"

And when he went away next morning, to be seen no more at Pine Hill, she had her head on the kitchen table and was weeping harder than before.

Blood Stains.

To the present day the superstition is rife that blood stains cannot be washed out. During the French revolution eighty priests were massacred in the Carmelite chapel at Paris, and the stains, so called, of their blood are pointed out today.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," relates that the blood stains of David Rizzio, the Italian private secretary of Mary, queen of Scots, who was stabbed at Holyrood palace by certain Protestant leaders of her court, added by her husband, Darnley, as still to be seen.

In Lancashire the natives show a stone called the "bloody stone," which was so marked to show heaven's displeasure at some of Cromwell's soldiers' atrocities at Galloes Croft. In the "Tales of a Grandfather," Shakespeare alludes to the idea. "Yet here's a spail of blood," he says.

The truth is, blood cannot be easily expunged. In the first place, if that of a murdered person, it is not attempted. In the next place, blood contains oxide of iron, which sinks deep into the fibers of wood and proves indelible to ordinary washing. Thus it is true that stones of a porous nature and wood not of the hardest kind are susceptible to the stain of blood produced by the oxide of iron which the blood contains. But the blood of a pig is as good as that of a murdered man—Pearson's Weekly.

Oriental Flowers of Speech.

In the far east language has always been florid and ambitious. In the west, the king of Ava, in Burma, called himself the "regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother of the sun and lord of the four and twenty umbrellas." The king of Ayutthya, in Siam, was "possessor of the white elephant and the two earrings," as well as "lord of the twelve kings who placed their heads under his feet."

In the Mozambique-Zambesi region of Africa, the king of Monomotapa was not only "lord of the sun and moon," but "great magician and great thief."

Another eastern potentate was the "sovereign of the universe, whose body is as luminous as the sun, created to be as accomplished as the moon in her brilliancy, king as splendid as a spail of blood."

Of the ruler of Kandahar it was said that his fame "exceeds the moon and stars and the unexpanded jasmine buds" and that his "feet are as fragrant to the noses of other sovereigns as flowers to bees."

On the Road to Wealth.

"Want my daughter, eh? What are your prospects?"

"Well, I own a gold mine."

"No, I own the public with it."

"Take her and be happy."—Life.

BABIES IN HOLES.

Where Uganda Infants Rest While Their Mothers Hoe.

I have gone into a field in Uganda and there found one of our women at work with a hoe, writes a missionary sister in Donaboe's. I asked her where her baby Maria was, and she pointed to a spot at some distance where the child was lying under a tree.

"Under the shade, and in vain I sought the infant. The mother was greatly amused and urged me to search further, assuring me that the little one was not far away and was fast asleep. I went to 'retrieve' the mother took her by the hand and led me to a bit of bark cloth on the ground. Under this rag was the crown of the baby's head, while the body was in a hole deep enough for the feet to rest on the ground. To my surprise and exasperation she said in her own language: 'This is a good custom. When a Uganda woman goes to hoe it is not good for her baby to lie asleep on the ground, as it might injure itself by rolling, or if it awoke, it might crawl away. I have a hole like this and line it with soft, clean leaves and put our baby safely into it so that it can neither crawl out nor roll away, and we know exactly where to find it when we come from the fields.' She said the baby was perfectly safe from wild beasts, because it was midday.

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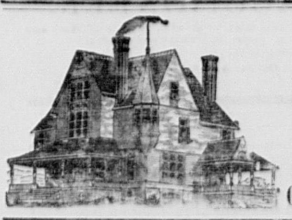
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His Reception.
Young man—I have called, sir, to request the hand of your daughter in marriage. Old Grumleigh—Has she accepted you? Young Man—Yes, sir. Old Grumleigh—Then what do you want to come round and bother me with your troubles for?

Atmosphere.
There is a wide difference of opinion among the learned men of the world as to what would be the effect of wholly removing the atmosphere. Some think that if it were possible to live after all the stars, planets, etc., would be visible in broad daylight. Others declare that there would be no day and that the sun itself could not be seen under such conditions.

Franklin's Sawdust Pudding.
Franklin believed in fair competition. In freedom for others as well as himself and cared more for his personal independence in the conduct of his business than for the business itself. The story of the sawdust pudding should be known in every newspaper office in the country. When he first started the Gazette he made some free counters on certain public officials, and some of the influential patrons of the paper resented it and tried to stop it. He invited them to dinner. When they came they found nothing on the table but a pudding made of coarse meal and a jug of water. They sat down. Franklin filled their plates and then his own and proceeded to eat heartily, but his guests could not swallow the stuff. After a few moments Franklin rose and, looking at them, said quietly: "My friends, any man who can subsist on sawdust pudding, as I can, needs no man's patronage."—American Illustrated Magazine.

A Scheme and a Luncheon.
One of Bales' schemes was a plan to combine Paris theaters. One morning in September, 1838—an early day to talk of monopoly—ten literary friends of the great novelist met by invitation at his house. Before luncheon Bales told them of his scheme. His idea was to burn a trust, buy up all the theaters as a sequel to a smaller preliminary trust for the supply of plays to every theater in Paris. The ten guests were to supply them. He estimated the profits of the first year at \$120,000, and each year would, he thought, bring in more money. He expounded his scheme at length for over an hour, and finally one of the guests suggested that he might go on at table. "The novelist started. 'I forgot all about ordering anything to eat,' he cried, and late in the afternoon the members of the shadowy trust made a shadowy meal of bread and cheese and sour wine in a small country restaurant."

He Wore the Robe.
A story is told of the late Dr. Poddie, a Scotch minister, to whom his congregation had presented a pulpit robe. He had never worn one, and, not knowing the gift, he said he would wait in the vestry five minutes after service to hear any objections to the innovation. Nobody appeared but one old lady, who, on being asked what her objections were, answered that she had read the epistles of St. Paul and could not find any reference to the apostle wearing a gown. "What epistle did you read?" asked the doctor. "From Romans to Hebrews," answered the old lady. "And what did you read?" asked the minister. "I have read from Romans to Hebrews, and I could never find any reference to the apostle wearing the breeks. What would you think if you saw me going into the pulpit without breeks?" Needless to say, the old lady departed satisfied with the explanation.

Evolution of the Needle.
Sewing needles of bone, stone, glass and bronze antedate all historic records, but those of iron, brass and steel are comparatively modern. Bone and glass needles have been found in Egyptian tombs that are known to be over 4,000 years old, and similar domestic instruments of bronze and copper have been found in the mounds and burial caves of Europe and America which are believed to be much older than those found with the Nile mummies. The needle first appeared in its present form in European countries in the year 1410, but the art of making them came a secret for upward of 150 years after the date last given. In the year 1680 they were first made in the American colonies, but at what point is a mooted question among the historians.

Wait Whittman.
Of the days when Walt Whitman was a nurse in the hospital of the dead was a biographer of the poet says: "He would often come into the wards carrying wild flowers newly picked and strewing them over the beds like a herald of the summer. Well did he know that they were messengers of life to the sick, words to them from the earth-world of men. And then as he left of a night after going his last round and kissing many a young, pale, bearded face in fulfillment of his own written injunctions he would hear the boys calling: 'Walt, Walt, Walt! Come again, come again!'"

Hindoo Idols.
Several weeks ago I was in an Indian village and peeped into the chief Hindoo temple. To my great surprise I saw the portrait of a famous London beauty, nicely framed, calmly looking down at the idol beneath it. The lady, I am sure, never dreamed that she would be worshipped in this way.—Lacknow Letter to London Mail.

Voluble.
"Have you seen Professor Gabbleton, the scientist, lately?"
"Yes, I listened to him for more than an hour at the club last night."
"Indeed! What was he talking about?"
"He didn't say."—Puck.

A Sad Feature.
Jack—Engagement is off, eh? Has she sent him back the ring? Tom—No; that's what's bothering him. He owes money on that ring.—New York Press.

Wouldn't Miss It.
Maid—Are you at home to Mrs. Tom, mum? She's at the door. Mistress—I am if she has a new hat on—not otherwise.—Exchange.

A Poor Trade.
"Yes," said the African chieftain pleasantly, "I gave eight mules for my wife, and I must say that I got badly 'bunked.'"

That's What.
"That's what," it was found a case of swapping eight for one.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Nemeses.
Nemeses is lame, but she is of colossal stature, and sometimes, while her sword is not yet unsheathed, she stretches out her huge left arm and grasps her victim. The mighty hand is invisible, but the victim tumbles under the dire clutch.—George Elliot.

Thrust Upon Him.
"How did stupid old Borsome ever get a reputation for wit?"
"He was once interviewed by a brilliant young reporter."—Minneapolis Journal.

Breaking the Trail.
Winter in the mountains is severe in its restrictions. Sledging and travel over the snow-laden trails are limited to bare necessities. In the colder seasons the trails are kept open by shoveling and packing them down. When the runners slip intermittently in high, thin voices, the teamster, with a belt in his hand, and a rope in his, faces his great hardships. But when the heavy snows and rapid drafts of spring come with a sudden termination hanging just above. Thousands of tons of snow up the mountain sides hang on a trigger that can be sprung by the sigh of a breeze or the rolling of a pine cone, and in summer many a barren slope and pile of rock and timber at the bottom tells a skeleton tale of the winter's night. Floundering, swearing and persevering open the trail—a little ruffled thread of white from up above, but a hard day's work for a man.—Outing Magazine.

Childless Men and Women.
There are parts of the world where girl babies are drowned like superfluous kittens and others in which it is not uncommon for the daughters in the large families of the poor to be sold by their parents into lives of prostitution. On the other hand, the pages of history are filled with examples of the devoted lives of childless men and women who have worked unselfishly for the good of their kind. Bachelors and virgins have been the saints of the world, and the childless are the philanthropists, the founders of colleges, hospitals, art collections and libraries, the philosophers, the great writers, leaders and thinkers of the race. John of Arc, Savonarola, George Washington, David Hume, Locke, Spinoza, Thomas Carlyle, Florence Nightingale, Ruskin and Herbert Spencer are only a few of the great names in this class. An interesting volume could be written on the indebtedness of the world to childless men and women.—New York Medical Journal.

How Some Nuts Marry.
Statistics compiled by authorities on the condition of the deaf and dumb in this country present one significant fact in regard to the matrimonial affairs of that body of citizens. It is revealed therein that while many women deprived of the power of speech have been sought in marriage by men whose five senses were unimpaired only a few women whose tongues were in good working order have consented to tie themselves to men who could not hear. The reason for this is that the revelations matter for many castles of diatribe pertaining to the conversation and listening powers of the sexes. Whether or not these sarcastic observations contain an explanation of the comparative willingness and unwillingness of men and women to marry, it is a question, but the fact remains.

A Powerful Drug.
Cloves are simply the dried flower buds of a beautiful evergreen tree growing naturally on the Spice Islands. These flower buds are gathered when they have become of a bright red and are just opening. The name comes from the resemblance of the prepared spice to small nails, from the French word *clou*, for nail. Cloves are very heavily charged with a pungent, acid, volatile oil, as much as 20 per cent sometimes being extracted. This oil is valuable for flavoring and scenting purposes and has a limited field in medicine, but the habit of "eating cloves," in which young folks and too often old ones indulge, is very reprehensible as the oil is a powerful drug, becoming in many cases an insidious poison.

A Bangle.
Very few persons acquire themselves nobly in the matter of speech. At a wedding feast recently the bridegroom was called upon, as usual, to respond to the given toast, in spite of the fact that he had previously pleaded to be excused. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose to his feet. He intended to imply that he was unprepared for speech making, but, unfortunately, placed his hand upon the bride's shoulder and looked down at her as he stammered out his opening (and concluding) words: "This—er—thing has been thrust upon me."—London Tit-Bits.

Oddities of Sight.
The two eyes really see two objects. If the two figures are to be held, one at the distance of one foot, the other two feet in front of the eyes and the former be looked at, two phantoms of the latter will be observed, one on each side. If the latter be regarded two phantoms of the nearer figure will be observed mounting guard, one on each side.

Good and Evil.
Accustom yourself to submit on every occasion to a small present evil to obtain a greater distant good. This will give decision, tone and energy to the mind, which thus disciplined will often reap victory from defeat and honor from repulse.—Colton.

Gallant.
"That pea will never come to perfection," remarked a young woman walking through a garden with Sydney Smith.
"Then let me lead perfection to the pea," said he gallantly offering her his arm.

A Difficult Labor.
Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—George Washington.

A Batch of Bulls.
There are several interesting bulls in the following serious paragraph from the Western News of Galway, Ireland. "To rob a man of his purse and then maltreat him for not having it would pass muster among pitiless brutal crimes, but to kill and slay a man to the point of death and then murder him for not dying quick enough is one point better in the catalogue of human infamy. It is enough to make Irishmen set their teeth and talk silently in groups."

The Effect Inevitable.
"Borrowing money," remarked the man who comments on things, "is not a good plan."
"I've always noticed that the man who lends money will sooner or later be come sensitive to the touch."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Unhooked.
Lady (hiring cook)—Are you unattached at present? Applicant—Oh think of am. Of dressed in a hurry, mum.—Puck.

Growing Water Lilies From Seed.
Many of the choicest water lilies, even the magnificent Victoria regia, may be grown from seed. For many years the seed of this lily, when brought to this country, failed to germinate. It was finally found that by bottling the seeds in the water of the river in which they grew, they could be transported safely from the waters of the Amazon to the far west. Here the lily is usually grown with bottom heat, it is very tender. Seeds started in pots in a temperature of 90 degrees will germinate in about two weeks and may be planted out in the open air when the nights have become warm—usually about the 1st of June—and will bloom the same summer, but cannot be carried through the winter, but must be started fresh each season, either by the purchase of plants or the sowing of seed, the latter being, of course, much more economical, as seeds may be purchased for a few nickels apiece, the plants costing as many dollars.—American Homes and Gardens.

Use For Old Shoes.
Janitors collect the shoes cast away by tenants and send them to auction rooms, where they are sorted into piles marked "Men," "Women," "Children." Several poor people made fair bids, but the auctioneer did not seem anxious to sell. Finally a man pushed his way through the crowd and offered 10 cents apiece for the whole lot. His bid was successful.
"I was in the lobby of a big hotel in Cincinnati when a bus load of traveling salesmen came from the station. Every man of them wore a pair of old shoes, but the auctioneer did not seem anxious to sell. Finally a man pushed his way through the crowd and offered 10 cents apiece for the whole lot. His bid was successful.
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Blessing the River.
In the Balkan state of Romania it has been the custom from time immemorial for the priests of the river Danube to keep the Christmas feast by a peculiar ceremony called "blessing the river." This used to be carried out on a scaffolding erected on the frozen river, but owing to an accident, when the ice broke, and hundreds of people were drowned, it is now held upon the bank. The people wear turbans of colored paper and carry long, white wands. Some are dressed to represent Biblical characters. The service, conducted by priests, lasts about half an hour, and then the ice is broken and a small wooden cross thrown into the water. Then people rush into the icy river after this emblem, and the person who secures it is supposed to be assured of great good luck for the coming year.

The Fall of the Henhens.
The henhens or headresses worn by ladies of the fifteenth century were in shape of horns and so long that a woman's face appeared to be in the center of her figure. The clergy condemned them and threatened the wearers with perdition, but for all that they were worn higher than ever. At last a strong evangelist at Paris promised absolution to all who would destroy the henhens, and the mob went to work and wrecked the headresses whenever they appeared in public. The henhens were trampled under foot and their wearers insulted all over Paris. Scores of lives were lost in the efforts of the cavaliers to defend the henhens from the rabble, but in vain, and the enormous headresses disappeared, some other feminine absurdity taking their place.

A Precise Answer.
"Lawyers are supposed to be the most literal minded men," said an eminent member of the bar, "but every now and then counsel course of practice will encounter witnesses who can give them points in the matter of literal answers. An Irishman was called to testify in a damage suit arising out of the death of a man 'at the hands of a bull' so to speak.
"Are we to understand, sir," asked the prosecuting attorney, "that the deceased, Patrick Flannigan, was your father?"
"He was till the bull killed him," was the reply of the wary witness."

Butchery in War.
In one of Du Guesclin's victories so many English were taken captive that even the humblest soldier among them had French blood on or more prisoners. The victor, however, felt to quarreling and, in feeling becoming rife in the French army in consequence of these quarrels over the prisoners, Du Guesclin ordered all the captives to be butchered, and the brutal order was carried out.

How She Knew.
Mr. McSowl—What was it that made you think I'd been drinking last night?
Mrs. McSowl—Oh, I don't know. I just saw the fact that you were fearfully drunk had as much to do with it as anything.—Cleveland Leader.

Advancing.
"Is your doctor going to make her debut this season, Mrs. Parvenue?"
"No, indeed! Mme. Pakin attends to all that. We don't have to do our own sewing no more."—Baltimore American.

She Saw a Scowl Then.
Minnie—I never noticed before that this mirror had a wrinkle in it. Mamma—I thought you were able to see wrinkles in any mirror you looked into.

Interested.
Nell—Mrs. Closeleigh is getting up a fair to help a poor widow pay her rent. Belle—I didn't know Mrs. Closeleigh was so philanthropic. Nell—She isn't. She owns the house the poor widow lives in.—Philadelphia Record.

A "Character."
In the churchyard of Woolwich, Kent, England, is the epitaph: "Sacred to the memory of Major James Brush, royal artillery, who was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol on his orderly 14th April 1831. Well done, good and faithful servant."

Not at All.
Mrs. Kratchett—Bridget, I don't like the looks of that man who called to see you last night. Bridget—Well, well, ain't it funny, ma'am? He said the same about you.—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Aim.
"What will be your chief aim now you are in congress?" asked the interviewer.
"To stay here," answered the laughing young statesman.—Exchange.

Only Pine Martens.
A series of gruesome incidents had terrified an English neighborhood. What made these incidents peculiarly horrible was their tragic mystery. No body could explain them. Sheep and lambs, which were in full health one night, were found dead in the morning, their bodies uninjured, but drained of every drop of blood. Ghouls and vampires and all imaginable horrors were blamed, and the whole country was up. The damage continued. In a single night a farmer had sixteen out of twenty-one lambs killed, and the same pen was chosen the next night, and the remaining seven lambs were destroyed. In the early part of day the slayers were discovered, all hideous from their sanguinary work. They were neither men nor monsters, but a couple of pine martens, which, having caught a pair of magpies upon their nest, had there made their home and thence nightly scoured the country round about.

Indispensability.
"No," said a lecturer, "it doesn't do to get swelled head and think you're indispensable to the welfare of this world."

Uncle Dave.
"I was in the lobby of a big hotel in Cincinnati when a bus load of traveling salesmen came from the station. Every man of them wore a pair of old shoes, but the auctioneer did not seem anxious to sell. Finally a man pushed his way through the crowd and offered 10 cents apiece for the whole lot. His bid was successful.
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Shortsighted Animals.
So far as naturalists have been able to ascertain there is no such thing as shortsight among animals in a state of nature. In the case, however, of domestic animals and wild ones in confinement shortsight is by no means unknown. Many people who have kept dogs and cats will remember instances of pets which were unable to distinguish friends from strangers at a short distance. Horses, too, frequently suffer from shortsight and other derangements of the vision, and this kind of thing is sometimes met with in the case of cattle. The diseases of the eye which frequently affect wild animals in captivity are to be chiefly attributed to the narrow space in which they are confined. The eyes are never exercised upon distant objects and therefore lose the powers which use of this kind calls forth.

The Glowworm Cavern.
The greatest wonder of the antipodes is the celebrated glowworm cavern, discovered in 1881 in the heart of the Tasmanian wilderness. The cavern or caverns (there appears to be a series of such caverns in the vicinity, each separate and distinct) are situated near the town of Southport, Tasmania, in a limestone hill, about four miles from Launceston. The appearance of the main cavern is that of an underground river, the entire floor of the subterranean passage being covered with water about a foot and a half in depth. These wonderful Tasmanian caverns are similar to all caverns found in limestone formation, with the exception that their roofs and sides literally shine with the light emitted by the millions of glowworms which inhabit them.

Nose Drinking in Norway.
The Norwegian papers tell of a speedy and efficacious method of becoming intoxicated prevailing in the slums of Christiania. The Orskelad delectable is drunk. The drunkard fills the palm of his hand with "aquevit" (strong corn brandy) and sniffs it through his nose. A few applications do the work, while the same quantity of liquor taken into the stomach would hardly be felt. "Nose drinking" has become a real vogue with some individuals. The effect of it is terrible, because the whole nervous system is paralyzed in a moment, and the drunkard remains almost unconscious for several minutes. Afterward a sleepy fatigue is felt, as after smoking opium.

Not an Arrest, but a Rescue.
"You were arrested for striking your wife."
"No, Judge," answered the unworthy specimen of manhood who was on trial; "I had made a pass at her, and she was just reaching for the stove lid when the officers came and took me in charge. That wasn't an arrest. That was a rescue."—Washington Star.

Satisfactorily Defined.
Willie—Pa, what is the meaning of the expression "touch and go"? Papa—It's very simple, my son. It means extreme speed and refers to the professional horsemen, who make a dash and go so fast you seldom see them again.

Men With Hearts.
"I don't believe bachelors have any hearts," she said.
"Why, we're just the men who do have them," he replied.
"Why is that?" she asked.
"Because we haven't lost them."

Relief From Ennui.
"Don't you ever get tired of doing nothing?" asked one.
"Oh, yes," replied the other languidly. "Well, what do you do then?"
"Take a rest."

Industry keeps the body healthy, the mind clear, the heart whole and the purse full.—Simmons.

Not Either as Yet.
"Er—I want some sort of a present for a young lady."
"Sweetheart or sister?"
"Er—why, she hasn't said which she will be yet."

Couldn't Lose Her.
Hewitt—I hear that your servant was taken up by kerosene. Jewett—She'll be back. I owed her a week's wages.

Mixed Feelings.
The little girl who, after a drink of soda, declared that her nose felt as if her foot was asleep has evidently grown up and retained her happy power of expression, for evidently the young lady mentioned in Punch is the same person who drank bubbles when she was small.

The young woman was traveling in a coach as an elderly and somewhat sour looking man, in trying to open the window, pinched his finger nail severely. "Oh!" exclaimed the lady sympathetically. "How horrid! I always think anything wrong with one's nails sets one's teeth on edge all down one's back!"

The Yellow Fever Germ
has recently been discovered. It bears a close resemblance to the malarial germ. To free the system from disease germs, the most effective remedy is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Guaranteed to cure all diseases due to malarial poison and constipation. 25c. at Robins Drug Co.'s drug store.

Frightfully Burned.
Chas. W. Moore, a machinist, of Ford City, Pa., had his hand frightfully burned by an electrical furnace. He applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve with the usual result: "A quick and perfect cure." Greatest healer on earth for Burns, Wounds, Sores, Eczema and Itch. 25c. at Robins Drug Co.'s Druggists.

Called to Save Postage.
She had had a quarrel with her best young man and in winding up the affair wrote him a letter which called for a reply. After he had absented himself on paper she intended to forgive him, but as the reply had not come at once she retired to her room for the usual feminine cry. Presently the bell rang, and as the maid was enjoying her night out she dried her tears hurriedly, scrambled her hair into shape and opened the door. There stood the young man.

Animals' Play Is Exercise.
The relaxed rhythmic movements so common among animals at play, the gamboling of lambs, the play of kittens and many similar animal activities, are imitated by man in the primitive dances which form so large a part in the social and religious life of all aboriginal peoples. These motions of leaping, swinging, swaying and twisting of the body have, all of them, a most intimate and powerful influence upon the body's activities, organic and muscular. Rolling is a form of exercise which is a favorite with many animals and is especially practiced for the purpose of relieving fatigue. Rolling is peculiarly enjoyable and grateful to the animal because it provides not only relief for the tensed muscles, the depleted organs and the slow moving circulation, but because as the animal rolls the firm pressure of the ground upon his body constitutes a most effective and agreeable massage.

Hearse After Night.
There is one kind of vehicle that neither the oldest nor the youngest inhabitant has seen on the street at night, or, if he has seen it at all, only infrequently. That is a hearse. Every other kind of conveyance used by modern man is driven about the streets freely after nightfall—the hearse alone seems to be imposed upon that somber carriage by common consent. The public doesn't like to see it after dark, and coachmen don't like to drive it. No doubt there are hearsees that are compelled by the exigencies of funeral arrangements to come home at unseasonable hours, but when forced to do so, the fringes of the unwritten law they proceed through quiet streets where they will be least likely to wound the sensibilities of the superstitious.—New York Herald.

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At all dealers 10c., 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

Mortgages.
MR. HERRICK has plenty of money at the present time for Woburn Loans on Real Estate. Please call, write, or telephone 6247 Main, and he will call and look at your property.

Correct Silverware
Correct in character, design and workmanship—is as necessary as daily clean or fine linen if you would have everything in good taste and harmony. Knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use will be correct if selected from goods stamped
"1847 Rogers Bros."
Remember "1847" as there are imitations—Beware! For Catalogue No. 5 address the makers International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

TRY GOWING'S HOME-MADE SAUSAGES
FOR SALE AT
Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone 128-6

WHITE SEAL
Cough and Throat Lozenges
relieve Coughs, Colds, Voice Difficulties and Sore Throat. In convenient packages.
10 Cents

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, SS.
PROBATE COURT.
To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen O'Connell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for probate, by John H. Murphy, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.
You are hereby called to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirteenth day of February, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.
And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering to each of the persons named in the petition interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.
Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTYRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.
W. E. ROGERS, Register.

REMOVAL!
I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage.
My team will call for orders.
WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.
Telephone connection.
If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

Sanitary Cleansing Essential To Good Housekeeping.
Dulpho-Naphthol
The most inexpensive article for cleansing and disinfecting where absolute cleanliness and purity are desired and where troublesome places are to be kept clean,

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LVI.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1906.

Entered at the Postoffice at Woburn, Mass., Post Office No. 14.

Business Cards.

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Cummings, Chute & Co.,

Flour, Corn,

Meal, Oats,

Hav, Straw,

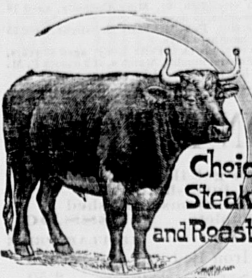
Coal and Wood.

Agents for the Leading Brands

of Fertilizers.

9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



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CHARLES H. TAYLOR,

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AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All

Films.

Discount of 10 per cent from list.

Landscape, Interior, Machinery, Pictures

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B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,

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Everything pertaining to Funerals,

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Residence and Office Telephone 17-4.

EAMES & CARTER,

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Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing

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Tickets to and from all parts of

Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,

357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,

WOBURN

Real Estate Exchange.

Special attention given to the care

of Estates and Collection of Rents.

Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Room 5, Mechanics Building,

C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,

Counselors and Attorneys-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the

Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry.

is the result of the arrangements, which

went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15,

1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House

for Woburn, Medford and Elevated

at 5:12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until

Boston & Maine

RAILROAD.

Southern Division

Winter Arrangement.

In effect October 9, 1905.

Passenger service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5:55, 6:14, 6:44, 7:12, 7:57, 8:14,

8:51, 9:14, 10:00, 10:59, A. M., 3:35, 2:41,

3:22, 4:11, 5:02, 5:37, 6:09, 6:24, 10:59, P. M.

RETURN, 6:09, 6:35, 7:24, 7:59, 8:24, 10:20,

A. M., 1:09, 2:09, 3:09, 3:40, 4:18, 4:56, 5:14,

5:44, 6:14, 6:44, 7:14, 8:09, 10:30, 11:20, P. M.

WEEK-DAY, for Boston, 5:55, 11:01, A. M., 12:00,

2:00, 3:02, 3:25, 4:40, 9:05, P. M. RETURN, 9:00,

10:10, A. M., 12:40, 1:15, 4:15, 5:09, 7:59, 9:00,

10:10, P. M.

FOR LOWELL, 5:50, 6:22, 6:52, 7:22, 8:14,

8:51, 9:14, 10:00, 10:59, A. M., 3:35, 2:41,

3:22, 4:11, 5:02, 5:37, 6:09, 6:24, 10:59, P. M.

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WEEK-DAY, for Lowell, 5:50, 11:01, A. M., 12:00,

2:00, 3:02, 3:25, 4:40, 9:05, P. M. RETURN, 9:00,

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When Lung Sing

Whistled

By CLAUDE PAMARES

Copyright, 1905, by E. C. Parcells

The foreman at the Star ranch had

come up to the house in the middle of

the afternoon on some errand, and as

he passed the cook house where Lung

Sing was scouring his pots and pans

he heard a sound that caused him to

stop in his tracks and exclaim:

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

Lung Sing was whistling. He had

been cook at Star ranch for over a

year and had never been heard to whistle

before. Indeed, he never hummed,

never smiled, never talked unless di-

rectly spoken to. He was put down as

stern and cross-grained, but as he was

a good cook and as none of the men

carried a copper whether he talked or not

he still held his place.

"What's the matter?" asked Colonel

Spear's wife, who was mistress of the

ranch, as the foreman finally reached

the door.

"That heathen back there is whistle-

ing."

"Well, isn't a heathen whistle?"

"There's no law against it, but Lung

Sing has been here over a year, and

this is his first time. Wonder what has

happened to him?"

"I can't say. I had him in here an

hour ago and told him that he'd have to

take the buckboard tomorrow morning

and drive over to Pine Hill to meet

Fannie Williams. She's coming on to

stay with us a month or two, you know.

They think something is the matter

with her lungs, and the doctor has re-

commended this climate. The Colonel

has got to go over to Wolf Creek, and

of course, the rest of you are busy."

"But—but I don't like the idea," said

the foreman as he scratched his head.

"Why don't you?"

"Because Lung Sing is whistling.

When a heathen whistles look out for

him."

The woman laughed and turned away,

and a minute later the foreman was

walking off. He passed the cook house

again, and the Chinaman was still whis-

tling as he went by.

"He's at it again, and I'll bet he's up

to some devilry. I'll tell the boys to

keep an eye on him."

As soon as he had cooked the men's

breakfast next morning Lung Sing set

out on his ten mile drive to the rail-

road. He was given many words of

caution by the colonel's wife, and he

promised over again to drive slowly

and bring the girl and her trunk safely

to the ranch. His face was as im-

passive as a washboard until he had left

the house half a mile behind him, then

he puckered his mouth and began to

whistle. Between whistles he grinned

and smiled.

An hour and a half later he drove up

to the cattle station on the plains, and

when the train came in his possession

stepped from one of the parlor cars.

Lung Sing welcomed her with a grunt.

He grunted again as he put her lag-

gage aboard the vehicle, and he put on

a blank look as the station agent said

to him:

"I suppose he's the cook over at the

Star and they sent him because all the

others were busy."

"Oh, I'll excuse him," laughed the

girl as she settled herself. And next

THE LOVERS' CANDLES.

An Old Courtship Custom That Still

Prevails in Poland

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1906.

"COUNTY RINGS."

Richard H. Dana has discovered the existence of "County Rings" in this State, and that some of them, at least, are addicted to the reprehensible habit of grafting. Perhaps it is a "mare's nest" that he has found; so far as Middlesex County is concerned, it certainly is.

Possibly the county official at Cambridge sometimes work together for reelection; there is nothing sinful about that. But to allege that the men on the County Board and the rest of the officers are not strictly honest in conducting the public business isn't true, or anywhere near the truth.

Giving the second and final installment of the story of the celebration of the Kosmos Club of Wakefield, alluded to in last week's JOURNAL, the Citizen and Banner of that town had the following to say last Friday concerning a Woburn lady:

"Continuing from last week, Mrs. Whitten had introduced Mrs. Frances Hill, Vice President of the Woburn Woman's Club, who spoke with much grace and easy charm of her interest in Wakefield and of the pleasant relationship that had long existed between the Woman's Clubs of Woburn and Wakefield."

"She humorously referred to the many aspects of borrowing. Especially did she dwell upon its dangers, citing the case of the black cat that was borrowed just for a little while, at their home, and which became hopelessly left on your hands. 'Even so,' Mrs. Hill said, 'you have borrowed me tonight, may find me always on your hands!'"

"In a particularly gracious way, she ended her speech by giving a bit of personal reminiscence showing the special tender interest she should always have in Wakefield because of a certain bridal journey taken some years ago from Woburn to Wakefield and back again and she declared that the loveliness of Wakefield's lakes and hills was in her heart to stay."

The annual exhibition of the Copley Society, of which several Woburn people are members, was opened at Copley and Allston Halls, Boston, evening of March 6. It is devoted this year to a collection of "Old Masterpieces Copied by Modern Painters." The once-a-week tea days, Thursdays, which have been very popular at all the art shows of the Copley Society, will be continued on Thursdays during the three weeks of the exhibition. It is believed that no collection of pictures brought together by the Society has had greater educational value, and the policy adopted in previous years of granting a free day to any college or school applying for it will be continued. Correspondence regarding free admission of students should be addressed to the Superintendent of the Exhibition, Horace B. Burdick, Copley Hall. The exhibition will be open daily from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., except on Sundays when it will be open from 12 M. to 5 P. M.

Representative Luce of Somerville is now earnestly engaged in "reforming" the Legislative Lobby. Through his untiring energy and towering influence he has induced former Legislators to "reform" the caucus laws of the State until nobody but knavish Lawyers can give even a fairly accurate guess at their meaning. But he will find "reforming" the Lobby a tough proposition.

We are gratefully indebted to Hon. Joshua B. Holden of Boston for thoughtful and gracious present of tickets to the exhibition of the Water Color Club now open at the rooms of the Boston Art Club, Dartmouth street, that city. The hours for visiting the same are from 9 A. M. to 5.30 P. M., and the exhibition is to close on March 17. Many beautiful pictures by eminent artists are to be seen there.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City-Tele Sales.
City-Tele Sales.
City-Tele Sales.
City-Tele Sales.
City-Tele Sales.
City-Tele Sales.
City-Tele Sales.
City-Tele Sales.
City-Tele Sales.
City-Tele Sales.

Townsend Club are to give a concert and ball on March 28.

Another smart rain last Wednesday night wet things in good shape.

The Gaholte Club give a dancing party in Lyceum Hall this evening.

The Celtic Association held an Emmett celebration a few nights ago.

Tickets for the St. Charles Minstrel Show are selling like hot cakes well buttered.

Lack of funds compelled a cessation of hostilities against the gypsy moth last week.

The soloist at the Unitarian Church next Sunday morning is to be Mr. Louis Schalls.

Joseph Kenney will be one of the new faces in the South End Minstrel Show this year, on the end.

Capt. John E. Tidd hasn't been on duty at the Court House since Jan. 16. He is getting better.

Rev. Henry C. Parker performed the religious services at the funeral of Mr. Felix Riley last Sunday.

Div. 3, A. O. H., are to celebrate St. Patrick's Day in true patriotic style on Saturday, March 17.

M. Grace Callahan, a talented young lady of this city, appeared in a New York city theatre last week.

The local High School boys started at indoor baseball practice at the Armory last Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Daniel R. Beggs has been under the weather with an ulcerated tooth the past week.—Woburn Times

J. M. Ellis is President, and E. F. Hayward, Treasurer of the Ellis & Buswell Company, a new corporation.

W. R. C. 84, gave a fine dancing party in 33 G. A. R. Hall last Wednesday evening. It was well attended.

Miss Mary S. Pollard of Green street is visiting her nephew, Dr. Charles W. Pollard, at Omaha, Nebraska.

Quasley Court, M. C. O. F., are to celebrate the 25th anniversary of their organization by a ball and banquet on April 25.

Hope Circle, D. R., are to hold their regular monthly meeting on March 14, with supper at 6.45, and whist at 8.

The Fortnightly Whist Club are to hold a meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Stokes on Tidd avenue this evening.

Next Sunday evening at the M. E. Church, the Rev. L. L. Loofbourough will speak on the topic, "Parables from the Bible Country."

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hayward left here last Wednesday for a visit to the West Indies and Mexico. They will be absent a couple of months.

There was another great rainstorm last Saturday night. For 12 hours there was a continuous and copious fall; but Sunday was all right for churchgoing.

E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

Like Jonah's Gourd, patent leather footings in this city spring up in a night. They are getting to be as "thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa."

It is reported that Judge E. F. Johnson of the District Court and family are soon to take a trip to the Pacific Coast. And much pleasure and benefit may they derive from it.

Relief Corps, 161, observes its nineteenth anniversary by an informal reception to its past Presidents, next Tuesday evening, March 13. Corps members with their husbands are invited.

John Fitzgerald will probably succeed Charlie McGann behind the bat on the High School baseball team this summer. Charlie is in the employ of the B. & M. Railroad at the Cross street station.

Mr. George H. Gray, former Superintendent of the Woburn Division of the B. & W. St. Railway, was visiting old acquaintances in this city one day last week. He has charge of the Chelsea end of the business.

Instead of the Boston University JOURNAL should have said last week that Mr. Clark, Assistant Principal of the High School, will enter the Harvard University Medical School next Fall and complete his studies there.

Deputy Sheriff Joseph H. Buck attended the party given in honor of the new Superintendent of the Concord Reformatory by the "Court House Junta" at Young's, Boston, last week. Capt. John E. Fidd, Court Officer, was unable to be present.

Up to date bluebirds, robins, wild geese and frogs have been conspicuous by their absence in these parts. Some of our hebdomadal contemporaries have announced the arrival of these "harbingers of spring," but we have doubted their stories.

One week from tomorrow, March 17, will be double holiday—St. Patrick's and Evacuation Days. It is to be hoped that the government Superintendent of Weather will vouchsafe bright skies and gentle zephyrs for the celebrations of the anniversaries.

The Pittsburg (Pa.) Leader of March 3, instant, contains an article on "Courtesy" by Rev. John Anderson, son of Capt. C. P. Jayne, formerly of Woburn, deceased. We are indebted to Mrs. Sarah J. Jayne, present of Brighton, for a copy of the Leader of that date.

Mr. Myron A. Day, brother of the Cashier, and late citizen of Alaska, has made a permanent home for himself and family in Los Angeles, California. Relatives of his wife have recently taken up their abode in that delightful clime, and they finally, by fair representations, induced "Bert" to drive his tentacles there along side of them, and be happy.

Mr. George A. J. Crawford returned from a delightful trip, with a Nason, personally conducted excursion party, to California, a few days ago. He enjoyed his visit at Los Angeles, Pasadena and thereabouts, where he met several former Woburn residents, and thinks as a winter resort it is unsurpassed on this continent, or even by the famous Italian Riviera. He was gone some seven weeks.

Customers of the Edison Company express appreciation of the new form of bill which that Company is using for the first time this month. From the new bill it is plain to see that the customer is charged for only what current he uses, and not on the number of lamps he may use at one time, and it is also possible for the customer to check the correctness of the bill from figures given.

Last Monday forenoon we learned, with regret, that Mr. Ward W. Hart had resigned from the Reception Committee of the First Congregational Church, the Chairmanship of which he held many years. The duties of the office have been discharged with exceptional ability and fidelity during his administration, and his retirement cannot but be regarded as a serious loss to the church.

At a meeting of the Board of Public Works held last week the question of lighting our streets on dark nights, "moon or no moon," was discussed, but nothing doing concerning it. Some means ought to be devised by which the streets can be illuminated when darkness prevails, and it seems as though arrangements might be made to that effect. No business of public importance was transacted at the meeting.

Fires: The alarm from box 39 at 10.45 A. M. Friday morning was for a grass fire which threatened to burn a fence at Beacon street. The alarm from box 66 at 6.35 P. M. Friday night, was for a grass fire on land known as Tenney's hill at the corner of Main street and Lake avenue. The alarm from box 69 at 2.20 last Tuesday afternoon was for a grass fire that did considerable damage to the fence and a shed in the rear of the residence of Mr. F. A. Flint on Pleasant street. The alarm from box 33 at 6.55 this morning was for a fire that destroyed the large barn owned by Charles Cummings on Cambridge street.

The District headquarters of the Edison Company have been changed from Somerville to Winchester.

A few days ago Mrs. C. Willard Smith and daughter went to New York to visit their husband and father.

Rev. Dr. March gave an interesting talk on "When I was a boy," in First Church vestry yesterday evening.

It costs, on an average, \$55 to clear an acre of woodland of the gypsy moth. The average value of woodland in this State is \$16.38. Put that and that together.

Crawford's confectionery still wears the blue ribbon, and the best judges of icecream will use only that which comes from his popular establishment.

Arthur W. Whitecher was the first person to start the ball rolling for a U. S. government building in this city, for which a bill carrying an appropriation is pending in Congress.

Rev. Henry B. Williams of the First Baptist Church has declined a call to become pastor of the Brighton Avenue church, Allston, to the great pleasure of his present parishioners.

Maud Littlefield, the violin performer and teacher, has appeared before Boston and Newton audiences at entertainments given there lately. Her reputation as a violin artist is not confined to Woburn.

The sub-committee of the two G. A. R. Posts chosen to arrange for Memorial Day are: Hall and music, Commanders Moore and Field; Flowers and flags, Whitten and Colgate; Transportation, Hall and Whitten.

The report that Mr. Charles E. Tripp left his excursion party in California and returned sooner than calculated on because of an attack of blood poisoning was a false alarm. His illness was temporary, and his recovery from it is nearly complete.

There is an encouraging prospect for an early opening of the Lowell & Woburn trolley line for traffic, as stated in a recent issue of the JOURNAL. The finest kind of cars are being prepared for it in the shops. Whereat Woburn and Burlington are greatly rejoiced.

The Vesper Service at the First Church last Sunday afternoon was largely attended and of great interest. Dr. Norton gave the first of a series of brief sermons on Divine Paradoxes. A responsive service for the congregation was added to the twilight. The twilight hour (half past four) seems a fitting time for such a service, a time when many are at leisure and glad of the opportunity to join in a service of song and meditation.

We expect to hear that Lieut. Homer B. Grant, U. S. A., has been promoted to Captain of Artillery, U. S. A., this week. In the report of the recent examination for promotions at Washington he stood first, and since then room has been made for his advancement, which was looked for to come this week. He is stationed at Fort Banks, Boston Harbor, and keeps house at Winthrop. His good fortune will please many friends here.

The Woburn Anti-Saloon League is a power for good. Its work tells all through the year, but about city election time it comes out in force and demonstrates clearly its utility in efforts to make Woburn a better place to live in. Its officers and members are active and zealous, and their influence tells. The recently elected officers of the League are: President, Charles W. Fowler; Vice President, Rev. William H. Scott; Secretary, Miss Eva Ray; Treasurer, Albert Blackburn; Auditor, Leon L. Dorr.

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VOL. LVI.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1906.

(Printed at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.)

NO. 16.

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Room 5, Mechanic Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counselors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the
Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry.
is the result of the arrangements which
went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15,
1905.

Cars leave North Woburn Car House
for Winchester, Medford and Elevated
at 5:12 A. M., then every 30 minutes until
9:27 A. M., then every 15 minutes until
12:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
3:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
5:27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre
ten minutes later than North Woburn.
Returning leave Shawmut Square terminal
of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn,
and North Woburn at 6:17 A. M. and
then every 15 minutes to 10:30 A. M.,
then every 30 minutes to 1:32 P. M.,
then every 15 minutes to 3:32 P. M., then
every 30 minutes to 5:32 P. M. and then
every 15 minutes to 10:25 P. M. and then
every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which
has been run from Merrimack Square,
Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Winchester,
Woburn and Medford Square, will be
discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of
this route the new schedule provides
for cars to run from Merrimack Square,
Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Winch-
eston and Reading, where direct con-
nection can be made for through cars to
Scituate, Scituate, Scituate, Scituate,
Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wish-
ing to go to Lowell, Boston, New York,
and other points can connect with cars that
leave North Woburn car house and
connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for
Wilmington on the even hour and re-
turning leave Ferry Corner, Wilmington
for No. Woburn on the half hour, etc.

Boston & Maine

RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect October 9, 1905.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5:55, 6:14, 6:44, 7:12, 7:57, 8:34,
9:24, 10:09, 11:39, A. M.; 1:38, 2:21,
3:02, 4:11, 5:02, 5:37, 6:59, 8:24, 10:30, P. M.

RETURN, 5:08, 5:28, 5:58, 6:28, 7:08, 7:48, 8:28,
9:08, 10:09, 11:39, A. M.; 1:38, 2:21, 3:02,
4:11, 5:02, 5:37, 6:59, 8:24, 10:30, P. M.

SUNDAY TO BOSTON, 7:28, 11:01, A. M.; 12:05,
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The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1906.

A BLUFF.

The other week the Shoe Trust held a meeting in Boston at which the prices of shoes were materially raised. It was manifestly done to induce Congress to repeal the duty on hides, and for no other. While the Trust was voting to increase the prices of the products of its factories the R. G. Dunn & Co.'s Weekly Review was saying:

"Products for fall are also ordered freely, notably in the footwear industry, and shipments of boots and shoes from Boston for the month thus far eclipse all previous records."

Commenting on the above a leading newspaper of the country said:

"The fact is that our shoe manufacturers are doing an immense business and making enormous profits. There is no cause whatever for raising prices or asking for a repeal of the duty on hides, except greed. The people must not be fooled. The truth is that the Trust is simply trying a bluff, and it will not work."

Is it possible that anyone can be found who is simple enough to think that the removal of the duty on hides would reduce the prices of footwear?

Following the headlines: "A Royal Welcome to Archbishop O'Connell—Distinguished men in all walks of life greet him at the pier," a leading Boston paper, last Wednesday morning, produced the portraits of 10 of the most prominent of the scores of gentlemen, priests and laymen, who welcomed Archbishop O'Connell to Boston last Tuesday from an extended official visit to Europe and the Far East. The first in the row of portraits was that of Mr. William F. Kenney of this city, a gentleman who has, for many years, occupied, with marked ability, the responsible office of Day Editor of the Boston Globe, well known and respected in journalistic circles of Boston.

General Charles H. Taylor, Editor-in-Chief of the Globe, Mayor Fitzgerald, Lawyers, Doctors, Judges, Statesmen, Politicians, and other distinguished people, were also conspicuous among the great crowd who met the Archbishop and gave him a royal welcome from a foreign shore.

The late town and city elections resulted in surprising political upturns in Maine. A large share of the cities and not a few towns turned from Republican rule to Democratic, which changes the former are disposed to "view with alarm." Even the city of Rockland, the home of Governor Cobb and Congressman Littlefield, was carried by the Democrats, to the great disappointment and chagrin of those estimable gentlemen. Augusta, too, the Republican stronghold, was captured by the enemy. The elections were a tremendous surprise to every body, including the Democrats. Maine, certainly, hasn't gone "Hell bent for Gov. Kent" this year as strong as it used to. All of which points to a possible reversion to popular vote of constitutional prohibition by the next Legislature.

Having figured the thing down to a fine point, the week's issue of Practical Politics felt entirely certain that Hon. Eugene N. Foss is to be a candidate for Lieutenant Governor this coming fall against the present incumbent, Hon. Eben S. Draper. His platform will contain only two planks, anti-Draper and Canadian Reciprocity. In view of the indifference Congress manifests towards the Boston cry for tariff revision, it is probable that Foss would naturally think that Mr. Foss and his friends would get tired of longer agitating those questions.

The complete wiping out of a band of 600 Moro bandits in the Philip pines by Uncle Sam's Veterans and the native Constabulary the other day, was quite for the "anti-imperialists," for it furnished them cause for more attacks on our government. They are doing some hefty howling just now, but the time has gone by when much of any attention is paid to them, or what they say.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, the famous antislavery, temperance and Woman's Rights advocate and leader, died at her home in Rochester, N. Y., last Monday. She was born in Vermont February, 1820; was for many years a school teacher and since 1850 foremost in the political and social reforms of the times. She was a great organizer and lecturer.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Ayer & Sons—Caldwell & Sons—Hammond & Son—Hart—A. S. Hall—Clifton—Dawley & Co.—Parker, Com. of Mass.—Land Court.

Miss Bertha Trull has been visiting relatives in New York City.

It used to be said that a Lenten snowstorm is the poor man's blessing.

Several succeeding members of Cadet Club have organized the Military Club.

The Cadet Club are to give a May Party on the 4th day of that month.

James McCarthy of Beverly, well known at the South End, was in town last Sunday.

Towards Club are to give a concert and ball in Lyceum Hall on March 28.

This evening the Ladies Auxiliary of S. of V. are to give a whist party with a fine supper.

Tomorrow night comes off the great event of the season, the St. Charles Minstrel Show.

Mrs. Herbert W. Reed of Arlington will be the soloist at the Unitarian church Sunday, March 18.

There was no opposition to the reelection of Clarence Littlefield for Chief Engineer of the Fire Department.

Joseph, son of policeman John A. Walsh, is getting on nicely at the Worcester City Hospital. He is a medical student.

"St. Paul and Hamlet—a contrast study" is the theme of Rev. N. E. Richardson at the M. E. Church next Sunday evening.

About 10 inches of snow fell yesterday afternoon. Biggest of the season.

Griffin Place not only deals in real estate, but does a good insurance business. He is reputed to be a fair man to trade with.

Dr. A. C. Lane of Pleasant street went to the Mass. General Hospital last Monday to undergo a surgical operation for gallstones.

Ald. B. H. Nichols of this city is Foreman of the jury in the Schildloft murder trial at Cambridge this week. The trial opened last Monday.

W. R. C. 84 are to give an assembly in Post 33 G. A. R. Hall next Thursday evening, March 22. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

There hasn't been an overabundance of "Gentle Spring" or "Ethereal Mildness" so far this month, nor is there likely to be "16 weeks sledding in March" this year.

Some of the people of North Woburn are talking of having the new U. S. government building located in that section of the city. They will have to get Mr. Harris's consent first.

Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Rector of Trinity church, preached at the Home for Aged Women last Sunday afternoon. Members of the Trinity church assisted at the services.

A 10-days school vacation will begin in the neighborhood of the middle of April, just to give teachers and scholars a breathing spell. We hope it will be wisely improved by all.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Putney came up from Putney, Georgia, last week to attend the funeral of Mrs. Wetherbee, Mr. Putney's sister, at Acton. They visited their relatives and friends in this city.

The St. Charles Minstrel Show on March 17 bids fair to be the best ever given by the Society. The talent has been selected with great care, and is the best the country affords. Tickets are selling rapidly.

A card announces that the Law firm of which W. Frederic Davis, Jr., of this city is a member, have moved their offices and are now located in rooms 626-628 Exchange Building, 53 State street, Boston.

The March meeting of the Men's League of First church was held last evening. Edwin S. Crandon, Editor of the Boston Transcript lectured on "The Pilgrim and Puritan." The regular monthly supper was served.

The automobile exhibition which has been running in Mechanics Building and Symphony Hall, Boston, this week, is to close tomorrow evening. Thousands of people have visited it, and it has been an immense success from the start.

One week from Sunday, on March 25, at 5 p. m., there is to be Vespers at the Unitarian church; soloists, Mrs. Florence I. Atwood, soprano; Mr. Louis Schall, baritone. Hymns will be led by a large chorus. Special organ music by Mr. P. Porcival Lewis.

"Our John" F. Peterson had the fire, caused by the explosion of an oil stove, completely subdued and out at his home on Beacon street last Sunday evening before the arrival of the Department. Not, however, until his hands and face were quite severely burned.

Merchants, marketmen and mechanics are hoping for a business boom to set in about April 1. Trade and work have been extremely dull here this winter, but it is said that the longest road has a turn, and that is just what our business men are earnestly praying for.

Mrs. Helen C. Hanson, having concluded to make her future home at Uxbridge, where she was raised, will sell her fine residence property on Eastern avenue at a fair and reasonable price. It is handsomely and pleasantly located, and is furnished with all modern conveniences.

Professor Duxbury of Manchester, England, is to recite the Book of Job, with pictorial representations of its various characters, at the Congregational church next Wednesday evening, March 21, to which the admission is to be free. It is said that the Professor's recitals are marvelous.

Miss Carrie Andrus, who has been teaching at Richmond among the Berkshire Hills the last two years, is at her home in this city, the school authorities of that town concluding to order the spring vacation at an earlier date than usual. She will return in two weeks from tomorrow, or Monday.

While playing the elevator in the rear of Caldwell's store last Sunday, with other boys, James Howard of Park street was caught between the elevator and the side of the well, and work have been William C. Howard, who was with him and stopped the elevator, he might have been seriously injured.

The High School are to give a concert on Friday evening, March 30, in Lyceum Hall for the purpose of obtaining money with which to buy ornaments for the new schoolhouse. They hope to sell 1000 tickets at 35 cents each, the same to be procured at Brooks's drugstore. We opine that about everybody will buy one, or more, tickets.

Today brings to an end the sleep the groundhog returned to on Candlemas Day, Feb. 2, after prognosticating 6 more weeks of cold winter weather. In this he was all off the eggs, for the weather has been mild and balmy almost every day since that date. It has been an exceptionally "open winter," which leads to the belief that the groundhog slipped a cog in his calculations.

Mrs. John P. Delaney gave a delightful birthday party at her home 44 Warren avenue last Monday evening, March 12, in honor of her boys John and Leo, the anniversary of whose births occurred that day. There were about a dozen in the party—girls and boys, associates of John and Leo—and they had a splendid time. The evening was devoted to music and dancing, and the enjoyment of a well loaded table of choice refreshments.

The Lenten Vesper Service at the Congregational church Sunday afternoon at half past four o'clock offers the opportunity of a quiet hour of worship and meditation. The music is under the leadership of the church choir. The pastor, Dr. Norton, speaks of The Help of Hindrances.

The Oblate Fathers of New York are to hold a mission at St. Charles church beginning at 10:45 next Sunday and holding a fortnight. The first week is to be for the women of the church, and the second for men. It is expected that there will be a large attendance at the mission.

The lecture by Rev. Allen Stockdale at the North Congregational church one evening last week was one of the very best that has been delivered here this season. It was listened to with marked interest by a large and cultivated audience. About 65 people of the Centre attended it, and were well paid for going to N. W.

Mr. Frank C. Nichols gives the public the comforting assurance that the price of ice next summer will not be prohibitive—if anybody knows what that means. But, anyway, it is taken for granted that ice will be within the reach of all who want it, for Mr. Nichols is not the kind of a man who takes advantage of human necessities to fatten his pocketbook.

Last Wednesday Mr. Frank C. Nichols sent to Lakeport, N. H., 9 stalwart workmen to cut ice for his Woburn houses, which lacked about 500 tons of being filled when he ceased cutting on Horn Pond a few weeks ago. This would not have happened if the cold snap had held on one day longer here. Mr. Nichols will have a plenty of fine ice for next summer.

Mr. John C. Lyons, coachman for Mr. Fred Cottle for many years intercalated in the South End Minstrel Show, will not fill that position this year owing to the fact that as he now lives in Winchester it would be hard for him to come here nights. John Garvey Jr., will act as intercalator. He is a student at Bardett's College, and was a member of the 1905 football team.

It looks now as though Clinton Hose Company, 6, might sometime in the dim and distant future get a decent house to abide in. The one now occupied by the Company has long been a disgrace to the city, totally unfit for use, and unfair to the occupants. Steps were taken by the City Council last Monday night which, if persisted in, will soon give Hose 6 the good quarters they have been so long pleading for, and which they well deserve.

Patrick H. McCanley of 10 Buck street, this city, a lineman of the Edison Co., had a narrow escape from serious injury last Wednesday, while working on a pole. The men have straps with which they strap themselves to the pole, and in this instance the strap broke and he fell to the ground 30 feet; no bones being broken. It happened in front of the St. Josephs Church at Montvale. He is Secretary of the Democratic City Committee.

The last time we were privileged to meet the proprietor of our upper Main street coterie he was waiting for a train to take him to the automobile show in Boston, where he proposed, if his money held out, to buy a machine that would outshine and outgo the finest that Woburn could offer. Nothing short of a 3 cylinder one would answer his purpose, or be considered for a moment by him. Thus do our local newspaper men flourish.

On Thursday evening, March 29, Rev. Henry B. Williams, D. D., pastor, is to deliver a new lecture in the First Baptist church on the theme, "Lying as a Fine Art." To enable everybody to hear the price of tickets has been fixed at the low figure of 25 cents. An entertaining lecture may be depended on, for Dr. Williams is a talented gentleman, a ready writer, and popular as a platform orator, in which role he has had abundant experience East and West.

Beginning at 8 o'clock Monday evening, March 19, Post 161, G. R. R. are to hold a Campfire at their Hall in Savings Bank Block, at which Comrade G. W. Bean of Somerville is to give his experience as a prisoner in the famous Confederate prison at Andersonville. Other war stories, singing, and a musical drama will follow. The W. R. C. Phalanx, Sons of Veterans and Auxiliary Corps, have been invited to attend and enjoy the fine things that 161 will provide for them.

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Colgate's Goods
—AT—
Lowest Prices
Dental Powder with cake of
Cashmere Bouquet Soap
Our Price 22c.
(Boston Price 24c.)
Cashmere Bouquet Soap, Large
Cake, OUR PRICE 24c. OTR
Cashmere Bouquet Soap, OTR
PRICE 22c.
Violet Water, 50c. bottle for
39 cents.

Woburn's Lowest Price
Druggists.

ESTABLISHED 1884
S. B. GODDARD & SON
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
—BOILER AND PLATE GLASS—
—INSURANCE—
Savings Bank Block, Woburn Boston Office, 93 Water Street
Telephone 131-2 Telephone 1192 Main
ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER \$150,000,000
Fire losses paid on business written through this
office since agency was established over \$700,000
and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant.
Have The Best! It Costs No More!
We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

CARE OF THE TEETH

Decay of the teeth begins on the outside and not from the inside of the teeth. The cause of decay is almost always a lack of cleanliness.

DENTAPEAL.

A saponaceous Orris Tooth Powder, warranted free from acid or grit. Cleanliness preserves and beautifies the teeth without destroying the enamel.

Large Bottles 23 Cents
Tooth Brushes 10 to 58 Cents

A 25c., 35c. or 50c. one guaranteed.

McLaughlin & Dennison,
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.

SUCCESSORS TO ROBINS DRUG CO.

417 Main Street, Woburn

When You Buy Silverware

You want the best and most serviceable that your money will buy. You are assured of getting that kind here. We can sell you either solid silver or the best plated ware—which looks like sterling and wears almost as well. When you buy a watch chain, you want to be assured that you're getting the most dependable kind there is. There'll be no doubt about it if you buy a Simmons Chain. We have a fine line of these handsome, guaranteed chains which we offer at very moderate prices.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches.

Ice Cream, Sherbets

AND INDIVIDUAL SHAPES.

THEONLEIGH CLUB made to order

CRAWFORD'S 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 48-3.

GO TO
C. E. SMITH'S
Real Estate Office.

Houses For Sale and To Let.
Property cared for and rents collected.
Repairs on Real Estate a specialty.

439 Main St., Woburn

Reduction Sale

BEFORE STOCK TAKING.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, Woburn

Ayer's Pills Wake up your liver. Cure your constipation. Get rid of your biliousness. Sold for 60 years. **LOWELL, MASS.**

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE Everything has two handles—the one soft and manageable, the other such as will not endure to be touched. If, then, your brother do you an injury, do not take it by the hot hand handle, by representing to yourself all the aggravating circumstances of the fact, but look rather on the soft side and extenuate it as much as is possible by considering the nearness of the relation and the long friendship and familiarity between you—obligations to kindness which a single provocation ought not to dissolve. And thus you will take the accident by its manageable handle—Epictetus.

Trinity Church Notes.

The choir of Trinity church will render a special musical program at Sunday evening's service. Miss Alice Locke will sing a soprano solo, while Miss Locke and Mrs. Grover, alto soloist, supported by the choir, will sing Shelley's "Hark, Hark My Soul."

The Reverend Frank I. Paradise, Rector of Grace church, Medford, will be the special Lenten preacher at Trinity church on Sunday evening.

The Reverend Robert Walker, Rector of the Church of the Ascension, Cambridge, will be the special Lenten preacher to-night at Trinity church.

A Scientific Wonder.

The cures that stand to its credit make Bucken's Arnica Salve a scientific wonder. It cured E. R. Mafford, lecturer for the Patrons of Husbandry, Waynesboro, Pa., of a distressing case of "Pileitis." It healed the eruptions, Sores, Boils, Ulcers, Cuts, Wounds, Chills, and Salt Rheum. Only 25c. at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store.

Burlington.

The annual Town Meeting held here last Monday was a spirited one. A large number of voters attended the polls. While the contests were spirited, the best of feelings prevailed, and better order was never seen at any of our Town Meetings. David E. Barnum was elected Moderator without opposition, and managed the proceedings in fine style, as he has so often done before. There were several candidates for the office, some of whom were elected, and many defeated. The three citizens who were elected to fill the offices of Selectmen were, William J. Graham, George McIntire, W. W. Skelton, Walter S. McIlwaine, and John W. Skelton. Treasurer, Edward D. Bennett, Highway Surveyor, Henry A. Foster and Fred F. Rogers, Auditors, T. Boston, Tax Collector, Walter W. Skelton, Tree Warden, Lester B. Skelton, Library Trustees, and Constables, Field Drivers, Fence Viewers, Surveyors of Lumber, Sealer of Weights and Measures, etc., were duly chosen. On the liquor question the town voted, yes, 19; no, 38. The gift of Marshall Simonds, recently deceased, was accepted. There was much discussion over the management of the Town Farm, and the report of the committee on the farm, and a future meeting. The appropriations were postponed until the adjourned meeting on March 19.

In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Corns, Bunions, Pains, Smarting Feet, Swollen Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Boston Theatre.

CASTLE SQUARE.
For the first time this season, the Management of the Castle Square Theatre will stage a play for its first production, in this country, "The Edge of the Storm," an English melodrama, brought out in England by Forbes Robertson recently, and it promises to prove the sensation of the year at the Castle Square. Its scenes are laid in India at the time of the mutiny of half a century ago, and its picturesque surroundings, its plot, its characters, and its romantic plot give it an enthralling power to the audience. It was after the time of the mutiny of half a century ago, and its picturesque surroundings, its plot, its characters, and its romantic plot give it an enthralling power to the audience. It was after the time of the mutiny of half a century ago, and its picturesque surroundings, its plot, its characters, and its romantic plot give it an enthralling power to the audience.

WINCHESTER.

At a meeting of the Selectmen held last Monday evening it was voted to appropriate \$12,985 68 to fight the gypsy and brownish moth. We are finding the contest with the moth rather an expensive matter.

We are a brave and fearless people here in Winchester. Dyspepsia and premature exits from this mundane sphere, due to it, have no terrors for us. The proof of this is that a current course of lectures on Cooking, by a Cooking School Professor, is being largely attended.

Many of the numerous friends of Mr. George A. Woods extended to him warm congratulations on his election to the office of Chairman of the new Board of Selectmen. He is immensely popular, and will make an able Chairman. I am proud to join the long procession of his admirers.

Mr. Tuck, the veteran and persistent reformer thought to be too well posted to register that "our Congressmen and townsmen, S. W. McCall, does not give his support to this bill"—the Hepburn railroad rate bill. Can Mr. Tuck call to mind an instance when an opportunity presented itself that McCall did not oppose President Roosevelt, or any public measure he was in favor of? McCall has always felt that the Republican National convention of 1904 made a great mistake in not nominating him, instead of Roosevelt, and the reason for his harmless growls and snarls.

Nothing could be more serene and delightful than our town has been since Town Meeting. The peace and grace with which things settled into their normal condition after that great event was truly wonderful. Of course, everybody was grieved to the heart's core over the unexpected and unaccountable defeat of Mr. Henry F. Johnson for Moderator, and the ominous 13 votes out of 66 cast that he received. The defeat of John H. Carter for Selectman was expected, due to it was said to the false report that he was in cahoots with the Edison Co., which is not popular here. The license vote was: Yes, 115; No, 610. Bully for "No License!"

I have heard lately that a hot and strictly systematic war is to be declared and prosecuted against the gypsy moth here during the coming season. I am gratified to learn that past total failures to exterminate the moths, or to thin their ranks, have not discouraged our people, or in the least modified their determination to fight on and give workmen a chance to earn some money, whatever the effect may be on the pest. Results are of secondary importance—there is money in the treasury, or will be, and men want to work and get the handling of some of it. To give such employment, productive, or otherwise, is in accordance with the highest modern ideals for the administration of municipal affairs.

A Lively Tussle

With that old enemy of the race, Constipation, often ends in Appendicitis. To avoid all serious trouble with Stomach, Liver and Bowels, take Dr. King's Little Life Pills. They perfectly regulate these organs, without pain or discomfort. 25c. at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store.

A Fire Alarm in Your House

In case of sickness at night, fire or burglars, the telephone summons the doctor, firemen, or police instantly. The protection which it gives far outweighs the cost. Why not protect yourself before the urgent need arrives? The reductions in rates during the past three years have placed the telephone within the reach of everyone.

THERE IS A CLASS OF SERVICE TO MEET EVERY REQUIREMENT

FULL PARTICULARS FROM

MAIN 6090

Contract Department, 101 Milk St.

BOSTON

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PATRONS.

On and after Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, the line of cars now running between Stoneham and Malden Square will be discontinued and the following changes will be in effect. The line now running between Woburn and Melrose Highlands will be extended and will run from Woburn to Melrose Highlands, being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15, 11:15 A. M., 12:15, 1:15, then every 30 minutes until 10:15, 11:15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Square for Stoneham and Woburn at 6:45, 7:15 A. M., then hourly until 1:15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10:15, 11:15, P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 8:30, 9:00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:00 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.

*To Melrose Highlands only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Dir. Supt. Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

Good Farm For Sale IN BURLINGTON.

As Administrator of his estate, the subscriber will sell on favorable terms the

MARKET GARDEN FARM

in Burlington, owned and occupied by C. E. MARION at his decease.

The Farm contains 48 Acres 20 of which is mowing and tillage, and 28 in wood. It is well located, productive, and easy to work.

There are good BUILDINGS on the Farm, and all farming conveniences.

Also a well located ORCHARD on it; Asparagus Beds, etc.

For further particulars enquire of

E. P. MARION, Woburn, Mass.
47 Lowell Street.

WOBURN

Gas Light Co.

For Gas Stoves for cooking and heating, for Welsbach lights and everything pertaining to gas lighting. Apply at the office of the Company.

314 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN

Co-operative Bank.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

A meeting of Shareholders of the Woburn Co-operative Bank will be held on

Thursday, March 8, 1906.
At 7:30 P. M.

In the Banking Rooms, Dow's Block, for the purpose of making nominations for the necessary Officers and Auditors to serve the Bank the ensuing year, and to transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

JOHN C. BUCK, Secretary.

Literary Notices.

The Woburn and Wedding of Presidents Daughters, by Virginia Tinnal Peacock, is an interesting feature of the current number of DONAHUE'S MAGAZINE. The illustrations have been gathered from many sources, and include portraits of the White House brides, from Maria Hester Monroe to Alice Roosevelt. Other papers are: The Morality of the Prayers, Cash of the Kings, A Breton Fishing Town, The Pearl of New York, and Recollections of William O'Brien, Ghosts From Many Lands, Who Expelled the Friars? Commercialism and Physical Culture, How much of a Priest's Time is Wasted, Nora Francis Deigdon, Anna T. Sadlier, and John Austin Scherby contribute bright short stories; and there are poems by Susan L. Emery, Austin Walsh, Henry Coyle, D. A. McCarthy, Kathleen Kavanagh, and Mary M. Redmond.

In attractive, timely and interesting THE AMERICAN BOY for March is, to use a popular expression, a "ten time winner." The cover page shows a typical young American in happy mood. The continued stories are: Shaggy coat, Adventures of Joe and Dan, A French Frog and an American Eagle, Other Stories, My Last Game, The Ball, The Downfall of Dennis, A Will and a Way, A Stepson of the Boys' Club, Patsy Connor's Wolves, The Pancake Earth and Its Press Agent, Boy Lumbermen of the Northwest, A Model Boys' Club, Increasing Scarcity of Fine Hens, tell of the rapidly diminishing herds of elk, moose, etc., and how their horns are mounted, John Adams, Baseball Training, A School for Young Jack Tars, My Sprinting Experience in Great Britain, The Boy's Garden. In addition there are 78 illustrations. Subscription price \$1.00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Doctors Are Puzzled.

The remarkable recovery of Kenneth H. of Woburn, Me., is the subject of much interest to the medical fraternity and a wide circle of friends. He says of his case, "Owing to severe inflammation of the Throat and congestion of the Lungs, three doctors gave me up to die, when, as a last resort, I was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery and I am happy to say, it saved my life. Cures the worst Cough, Croup, Colds, Bronchitis, Tonsillitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Laryngitis. Guaranteed at Robbins Drug Co.'s drug store, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Mines of Mammoth Bones.

At some time in the distant past a remarkable state of affairs existed in what are now the bleak arctic regions of Siberia. At the time of which we speak the climate must have been comparatively mild, for thousands and hundreds of thousands of huge animals, mostly of the elephant type, roamed up and down the valleys of what are now frozen polar rivers. In the midst of their innocent happiness a sudden and awful change came. Some philosophers say that the earth "fell out of balance" and tilted thousands of miles to the north. Whatever the cause, the force of the change swept over the land of the mammoth and the mammoth and overwhelmed the great beasts in huge snowdrifts, from which they could not extricate themselves. In the course of time these huge banks of snow were transformed into great mountains of ice, and today specimens of the great hairy mammoth may be found that are as fresh as when they were frozen in thousands of years ago. In some places along the Lena river the hills are perfect mines of mammoth bones.

Blue Blood.

Lots of people who boast of their blue blood are really color blind.—New York Times.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Gertrude T. Bailey, wife of Edward M. Bailey, of Abington, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth, and all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by the City of Woburn, a municipal corporation duly established by law and located in the County of Middlesex, to register and confirm its title in the following described land, to-wit: In the County of Middlesex, in the City of Woburn, bounded—Westward by the Main and Alfred streets, northward by the Main and Alfred streets, southward by the Main and Alfred streets, and eastward by the Main and Alfred streets, and containing about 4.75 acres of land.

And whereas the said petition should not be granted, and unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be taken, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting the same, or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JOHNSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of March, in the year nineteen hundred and six.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

(Seal) CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of E. M. A. Woburn, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Alfred S. Hall of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, residing in the County of Middlesex, and giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of April, A. D. 1906, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, in the last publication to be on the day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

(Seal) W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of E. M. A. Woburn, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

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WOMEN'S SENSES.

They Are, It Is Said, Less Acute Than Those of Men.

The man, when his tooth was pulled, yelled hoarsely. The next patient, a woman, bore the pain of three extractions with silent fortitude.

"Yes," said the dentist, "women endure the pangs of tooth pulling better than men, but they deserve no praise on this account. They feel the pain less. Experiments have frequently been made to test the acuteness of the masculine and feminine senses. A series of experiments were made in New York city, and they were interesting and conclusive.

"First, taste was tried. The male subjects could detect in water the presence of the sixtieth part of a grain of gall. The women couldn't distinguish the salt in a smaller quantity than the twentieth of a grain. The men's taste was three times keener than the women's.

"Next, smell. The men smelled the presence of the hundredth part of a grain of prussic acid. The women were unconscious of the acid till a quantity five times greater was set before them. In smell the men were five times the women's superiors.

Men heard a watch ticking at a distance of ten yards, women could only hear it at a distance of two yards. The males again, you see, were five times the better. It was the same thing with sight and with touch. The men saw five times better. They felt five times more keenly and delicately.

"These experiments explain in a way the apparent anomaly of woman's wondrous fortitude to pain. Woman's senses being less acute, she is less affected by pain than man."—Exchange.

THE OYSTER.

It Was Eaten by Riparian Man Thousands of Years Ago.

It was Dean Swift who remarked that "he was a bold man that first ate an oyster," but neither Dean Swift nor any other lover of good eating has been able to find records of any one, however ancient, when oysters were not eaten, while there is ample proof that thousands of years ago riparian man not only consumed these bivalves, but was very fond of them. Thus the "Kjoekkenmoedding" or "Kitchen refuse" along the Scandinavian coast exhibits huge numbers of oyster shells from which prehistoric men ate this succulent mollusk at their feasts in the days of Thor and Odin. There is, of course, an interesting tradition which relates how, in those prehistoric days a man died in the alkine of wild beasts, and his barbed arrow the shore of the sea. Suddenly he caught his foot in an oyster shell, which, as it instantly closed upon him, caused him so much pain that he seized a stone to dislodge the thing that was hurting him so terribly. After accomplishing his purpose he raised his hand, moist with the juice of the oyster, to his lips, with results that were so pleasing to his palate that he promptly proceeded to eat the entire bivalve. Thus, it is said, did man first discover the gustatory delights contained within an oyster shell.

The Stomach Ache.

For genuine stomach ache—that is, pain in the stomach—your stomach must be the digestion. If the pain of indigestion occurs one may be sure that a serious state of chronic indigestion obtains. Then of course it is very necessary to take advice directed to that one case. But for a solitary attack there is nothing better than getting rid of the stomach contents. They cannot possibly do good and may greatly upset the system. Warm salt and water is a simple domestic emetic. When there are acid risings and burnings in the throat a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of sodium in water, taken in divided doses, may be tried.

The Adirondack Lakes.

One of the most striking phenomena of the Adirondack region is the carrying power of the human voice in still weather upon the lakes great and small. Persons ashore easily hear the ordinary conversation of others who are so far out upon the lake as to be indistinguishable, and as a great many Adirondack visitors habitually violate the law touching the slaughter of deer all such offenders are extremely careful not even to whisper a word that might betray their guilt when rowing upon the lakes.

A "Gold Brick" of Old Time.

In one of the Tell-el-Amarna letters, written during the eighteenth century, the king of Babylon accuses Amenophis III. of Egypt of sending him a mass of base metal for gold. He says, "The twenty minas of gold you sent me contained, when melted down, only five minas of pure gold."—London Post.

No Competition.

"What do you consider the most memorable occasion in your career?" "Once, at an evening performance," answered the great tenor, with emotion, "all the boxes were occupied by mutes. I shall never forget that night."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Her Cooking.

Young Wife—How do you like my cooking? Don't you think I've begun well? Husband—Um—yes. I've often heard that well begun is half done.—Punch.

Sarcasm Swift.

It was Swift who warned a friend who was extolling the air of oxtaxed around Woburn. If they hear you say that, they'll certainly tax the air."

A Bad Combination.

Scads—You say he left no money? Rages—No. You see the lost his health getting wealthy, and then lost his wealth trying to get healthy.

The Hungarian Crown.

The Hungarian crown, the royal head-dress worn at their accession by all the Austrian emperors, is the identical one made for Stephen and his wife by him the time of his coronation, more than 800 years ago. It is of pure gold and weighs nine marks and six ounces (about fourteen pounds avoirdupois). It is adorned with 33 sapphires, 50 rubies, 1 emerald and 335 pearls, but no diamonds, it being a notion of the royal Stephen that diamonds were unlucky.

Better Late Than Never.

"Intelligence has just reached me," began Mr. Blodger as he sat down to the dinner table.

"Thank goodness if it has at last!" exclaimed Mrs. Blodger, and the food was partaken of in silence.

Business Cards.

J. R. Carter & Co.

Coal and Wood,

369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,

—DEALERS IN—

Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.

Agents for the Leading Brands
of Fertilizers.

9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



Choice
Steaks
and Roasts

450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,

Photographer.

AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All

Films.

Discount of 10 per cent from list.

Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery, Pictures

Copied and Enlarged.

Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of

work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.

23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,

Funeral Directors.

Everything pertaining to Funerals,

conducted on hand.

Office and Warerooms,

No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN

Office and Residence connected by Telephone.

No. of Telephone 442.

Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

FAMES & CARTER,

—DEALERS IN—

Coal, Coke and Wood

377 Main Street.

Yard, rear of 211 Main Street.

TELEPHONE, 62-3.

DOMINION LINE

Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing

from Boston to Europe.

Tickets on sale from all parts

of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,

357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,

WOBURN

Real Estate Exchange,

Special attention given to the care

of Estates and collection of rents.

Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Room 3, Mechanics Building,

C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,

Counselors and Attorneys-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the

Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry.

is the result of the arrangements which

went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905.

Cars leave North Woburn Car House

at 8:12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until

9:27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until

12:12 P. M., then every 15 minutes until

7:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until

11:27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre

ten minutes later than North Woburn.

Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal

of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn,

and North Woburn at 6:17 A. M. and

then every 15 minutes to 10:30 A. M.,

then every 30 minutes to 12:12 P. M.,

then every 15 minutes to 8:32 P. M.,

Boston & Maine

RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.

In effect October 9, 1905.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5:55, 6:14, 6:44, 7:12, 7:37, 8:14,

8:21, 9:14, 10:30, 11:35, A. M.; 12:55, 2:41,

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His Magic

Housekeeper

By BELLE MANIATES

Copyright, 1905, by R. G. Whitehead

A week from the day on which

the old church tower tolled the

death of the parents of John Lester

his spacious farmhouse burned to the

ground. He built a temporary home

out of sight of the charred ruins of the

old home. In the heart of the woods

near the bank of the river that ran

swift and deep in boundary to his farm

he took up his abode. He kept his

hearth in hermit fashion, but he was

not as proficient in housekeeping duties

as in the tilling of his soil, and it was

now the season of planting time.

Stories most distressing to the kindly

country folk were told of his making

a clean sweep occasionally through his

home, the accumulations landing on

the back door or vanishing through

cracks of the floor; also of a weekly

washing of dishes and a pork and

Woburn's Lowest Price

DIAMOND DYES

5 NEW COLORS

Call for Direction Book

For 1906

Woburn's Lowest Price

DRUGSTORE.

ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY

BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...

-INSURANCE-

Savings Bank Block, Woburn Boston Office, 93 Water Street

Telephone 131-3 Telephone 1102 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER \$150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over \$700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant.

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

Grabow Malt...

A liquid food and a superior Spring Tonic. Recommended by the medical profession as a builder and appetizer, especially to convalescents. Grabow Malt puts into the body what work takes out.

18c. Bottle. Six for \$1.00

McLaughlin & Dennison,
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.

417 Main Street, Woburn

Gift or Giver...

Do you want the ring to be a pleasure of the giver, or because of the ring itself? It might be both. These rings would be admired because of their beauty. The giver would be admired because of his judgment. You'll be interested for many reasons.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches.

Ice Cream, Sherbets

AND INDIVIDUAL SHAPES.

THEONLEIGH CLUB made to order

CRAWFORD'S 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 48-3.

GO TO
C. E. SMITH'S

Real Estate Office.

Houses For Sale and To Let. Property cared for and rents collected. Repairs on Real Estate a specialty.

439 Main St., Woburn

1906 SPRING STYLES

IN GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors, Woburn

395 Main Street, Woburn

Ayer's Pills

Vegetable, liver pills. That is what they are. They cure constipation, biliousness, sick-headache.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

WOBURN

Gas Light Co.

For Gas Stoves for cooking and heating, for Welsbach lights and everything pertaining to gas lighting. Apply at the office of the Company.

314 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

FOR SALE.

The Residence of the late James I. Hanson,

situated on Eastern Ave. House contains twelve rooms, bath and furnace. For particulars and terms, address

Mrs. HELEN C. HANSON, Uxbridge, Mass.

Creamalt

The Oval Loaf

Distinguished first by its oval form and then by its taste. Made of pure rich milk, superior malt and selected flour. The most nutritious bread ever offered to the public. To appreciate why this bread is different and better than all other breads, you must taste it. There are imitations of this loaf—look for the word CREAMALT on every loaf. Most grocers sell Creamalt. If yours don't we want to know it.

The GEORGE G. FOX CO.

CHARLESTOWN

Literary Notices.

Gotham in Golden Chains is the title of a remarkable article by John Coulter in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for April. He shows how the Ryan-Belmont-Rothschild-Morgan gang has got New York City by the throat, and outlines its plan to float a street-railway combine with a capital—mostly water—second in size to that of the United States Steel Company. The same magazine contains three striking character studies of famous men: Joaquin Miller at the heights, a beautifully poetic essay by Charles Warren Stoddard; Fighting Joe Wheeler, by W. F. Melton, and A Day With Marquis de Lafayette, the foremost statesman of Asia by Yone Noguchi. Minor notes on celebrities are: In Memoriam: Frederick Lawrence Knowles, a poetic tribute to the late gifted young laureate of New England, by Aloysius Cull; The Passing of Jules Verne, by Sarah D. Hobart, and Arming the Man of Destiny, a curiously interesting new anecdote of General Grant, by J. A. Doherty. There are fine stories by Mary E. Fitzgerald, H. C. Gauss, Rhoda Cameron and C. W. Tyler, and several poems by Catherine Jewett, Ernest McGaffey, Frank Putnam and Alex. Derby. Congressman John F. Lacey of Iowa writes about the earliest automobiles, in 1837, when it was thought the steam automobile would force the steam railways, then in their infancy, out of business. Joe Mitchell Chaplin's Affairs at Washington, Gilson Wiley's Adventures of a Special Correspondent and Frank Putnam's Note and Comment afford fresh and breezy glimpses of current life in many lands, both in text and pictures. The Home department as usual abounds in helpful hints for homemakers. There are many pictures.

WINCHESTER

"Vespers" have been having a great run in this village during Lent. "Vespers" are a fine institution.

The hearing on the grade crossing matter was postponed to April 3 on account of interested parties. The people were disappointed for all feel that it is high time the question was settled.

The teachers of our schools have organized a Club for mutual pleasure and benefit. It appears that they want to become better acquainted with each other, and have social gatherings for good times.

The Selectmen have appointed all the officers from Chief of Police (McIntosh) to Vinegar Inspector, and everything is in order for actual business. The town is splendidly officered from head to foot.

The womenfolk of this burg are getting ready for a fine display of Easter finery, which, if reports are reliable, is to outshine all former exhibitions. The town is to be flooded in the latest and sweetest things in Easter hats and parlors.

Now that "Civic Virtue" has taken the matter in hand there is a fair prospect for a radical reform in advertising signs, if not a total wiping out of the evil. Our town is by far too beautiful to tolerate the ugly billboards seen everywhere, and it looks as though something was to be done to correct the evil.

I saw in the Boston Globe the other day a sketch and portrait of President Gilbert of the George H. Gilbert Manufacturing Co. at Ware this State, which was founded by George H. Gilbert of Andover, father of our town's hero, George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, more than 60 years ago. It manufactures men and women's worsted goods for suits and dresses, and is one of the largest in the State. Its capital is \$1,000,000; it employs 1300 work people; and its weekly payroll floats up at \$20,000, or more. Our townsmen were selling Agent for the Company until impaired health compelled him to retire from that office; but he is still, I believe, a stockholder in the Company. Its principal factories are at Gilbertville, a village in the town of Ware.

Montvale.
On April 5 there will be held the customary Easter sale and entertainment of the Congregational chapel for the benefit of the Society that worships there. All the arrangements for it have been perfected, and the following committees chosen:

Apron and Fancy Table—Mrs. Mina Warren, Mrs. Jeanne Thoren, Mrs. H. Caldwell, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Susan Colby, Food Table—Mrs. Susan Harris, Mrs. Jennie Young, Mrs. Eliza LeBaron, Mrs. William Nutting, Mrs. Bertha Baker, Candy Table—Mrs. Grace Stowers, Mrs. Zella Stowers.

Ice Cream Table—Mrs. Ernest C. Warren, Mrs. Emma Persons, Mrs. Frank Chapman, Mrs. Ralph Lord, Mrs. Frank Lovering, Mrs. Frank Mayo, Mrs. Minnie Pratt, Mrs. Thomas Hill.

Reception Committee—Mrs. Elizabeth Timson, Mrs. Annie Mott, Mrs. Alice Caldwell, Mrs. Horace A. Warren, Mrs. George Perry, Mrs. Dana Gay, Miss Jennie E. Skinner.

Collection—Mr. E. N. Pike, Mr. H. A. Warren, Mr. W. H. Caldwell.

Buried by Torchlight.

Alberton Hall was upward of four centuries the property and residence of the Kitchingham family. It was the largest and most ancient mansion in Chappeltown, consisting of about sixty rooms, with gardens and pleasure grounds. The Kitchingham family for upward of 400 years were carried from this hall by torchlight to be interred in the choir of St. Peter's church in Leeds. At the interment of my of the family the great chandelier, consisting of thirty-six branches, was always lighted. In the year 1710 Robert Kitchingham died May 7, aged 100 years. He ordered his body to be buried with torchlight at Chapel Allerton. He was interred on May 15, when 100 torches were carried. The room where the body was laid was hung with black, and a velvet pall, with escutcheons, was born by the chief gentry. The pathfinders had all sorts of biscuits and sack; the whole company had gloves. Fifty pounds were given among the poor in the chapel yard on the day of his interment. Mary, his wife, died July 28, 1710, aged ninety-seven years. She was interred precisely in the same way—"Annals of Yorkshire."

For Black Eyes.

It is often the case that people meet with accidents and injuries that cause disfiguring disfigurements, from which they suffer not a little embarrassment and annoyance. It is worth while to know that there is a simple remedy and one quite within the reach of every one. Immediately after an accident mix an equal quantity of cupricum ammonium with melleae made of gum arabic. To this add a few drops of glycerine. The bruised surface should be carefully cleansed and dried, then painted all over with the cupricum preparation. Use a camel's hair brush and allow it to dry, then put on the second or third coat as soon as the first is entirely absorbed. A medical journal is authority for the statement that if this course is pursued immediately after the injury discoloration of the bruised tissue will be wholly prevented. It is also said that this remedy is unequalled as a cure for rheumatism or stiffness of the neck.

The President For a Day Story.
The story that David R. Atchison of Missouri was president for a day started as a joke. Atchison was president of the senate at the expiration of President Polk's term, and the law at that time provided that that official should succeed to the presidency in default of both president and vice president. March 4, 1849, was Sunday, and President Zachary Taylor did not take the oath of office until Monday, March 5. Somebody thereupon started the joke that neither Polk nor Taylor was president during the odd day and that Atchison must have been. But if Taylor could not take the oath, then the oath of office would have been taken by Atchison. He did not take the oath either—St. Louis Republic.

Precaution.
Briggs—Does your wife laugh when you tell her a funny story? Briggs—Oh, yes! I always tell her beforehand that it is funny.

Hold on, hold fast, hold out. Patients are getting better—Buffon.

Golden Nose.
Tycho Brahe, the famous Danish mathematician, was known as the "Wizard of the Golden Nose." While at the university he lost his nose in a fight and replaced it with a metal organ of gold, held in place by cement and a pair of spectacles. This addition to his countenance gave him a very peculiar appearance and caused him to be much teased by his common schoolmates. He attributed to him many supernatural powers, largely on account of his remarkable nose.

Tasmanian Girls.
For many years Tasmania has been known as the "Glenisland of the colonies," a tribute to the exceptional loveliness of its young women. There have been Tasmanian beauties, but the prettiest Tasmanian girls are mostly in demand as barmaids in Sydney and Melbourne. Some years ago it was elicited in evidence at an official inquiry in Melbourne that Tasmanian barmaids command double the ordinary wages for this kind of work.

Two Goat Islands.
Here is an extraordinary coincidence: The island lying between the American fall and the Canadian fall at Niagara is called Goat Island. What is now called Livingstone Island, the Victoria falls in Africa, is called Kompong by the natives, and this signifies "goat island."

Contradicted.
"It's impossible to have too much of a good thing," said the thoughtful thinker.
"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the contrary person. "Matrimony is a good thing, but what the law does to a bigamist is plenty!"—Chicago News.

What Happens.
In a written examination on physical geography one of the questions was: "What happens when there is an eclipse of the moon?"
A boy with rather an admirable knack of getting out of a difficulty wrote the following answer:
"A great many people come out to look at it."—London Answers.

LOWNEY'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Cocoa beans grow in pods on the trunk and limbs of a delicate tropical tree. They contain six times more food value than beef.

We use the highest cost beans that are grown and there is nothing in our cocoa but cocoa.

That is why it is the most delicious of COCOAS

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.

LOWNEY'S

COCOA

AN HOUR'S WALK.

You Would Hardly Think It Meant Traveling 85,233 Miles.

Have you ever thought of the distance you travel when you are out on an hour's stroll? Possibly you walk three miles within the hour, but that does not by any means represent the distance you travel. The earth turns on its axis every twenty-four hours. For the sake of round figures, we will call the earth's circumference 24,000 miles, and so you must have traveled during the hour's stroll 1,000 miles in the axial turn of the earth.

But this is not all. The earth makes a journey around the sun every year, and a long but rapid trip it is. The distance of our planet from the sun we will put at 92,000,000 miles. This is the radius of the earth's orbit—half the diameter of the circle, as we call it. The whole diameter is therefore 184,000,000 miles, and the circumference, being the diameter multiplied by 3.1416, is about 578,000,000 miles. This amazing distance the earth travels in its yearly journey, and dividing it by 365 we find the daily speed about 1,580,000. Then we get the distance you rode around the sun during your hour's walk, divide again by twenty-four, and the result is about 65,000 miles. But this is not the end of your hour's trip. The sun, with its entire brood of planets, is moving in space at the rate of 100,000,000 miles in a year. That is at the rate of a little more than 438,000 miles a day, or 18,250 miles an hour.

So, adding your three miles of leg travel to the hour's axial movement of the earth, this to the earth's orbital journey and that again to the earth's distance from the sun, and you find you have traveled in the hour 85,233 miles.

CRUDE HOUSEKEEPING.

Domestic Methods in England in the Fourteenth Century.

Carpets were unknown luxuries in England in the fourteenth century, but the fashion of strewing the apartments with rushes was being gradually abandoned. Rushes were still used in the retainers' hall, but for the better rooms sweet scented herbs and fragrant twigs were usually employed.

Windows were apertures filled with glass so as to admit light, but to exclude wind. The walls were frequently hung with cloth or tapestry to protect the inmates of the room from the many currents of air that penetrated the strong but badly built walls. We learn from various ancient documents that it was the duty of the servant in each chamber to sweep out the principal apartments, but as the use of water is rarely mentioned during the reign of Edward I., it is probable that the dust, but also toward refreshing the atmosphere in such constant closings, fresh air being only admitted through the doors opening on to the battlements or balconies.

From old inventories at Thirleigh and elsewhere we ascertain how scantily furnished were these ancient mansions, although they seem to have been abundantly supplied with flags and drinking cups in gold, silver and finely engraved pewter, besides an infinite number of black jacks or cups made of leather.—London Standard.

Gems and Disease.
Many curious stories of the healing of blindness and diseases by gems are to be found in ancient works, and it is said that the Emperor Theodosius was cured of blindness by a stone of great brilliancy which was laid on his eyes.

What this stone was history unfortunately does not say. The diamond, ruby, emerald and opal were supposed to ward off the danger by changing color. Pliny says of the diamond that it is not only an antidote to poison, but that it has the power to free the mind from vain fears and to give bravery.

In every city of the Ottoman empire there is a kiosk set apart for the sultan, who never even sees it. These palatial abodes are built of rare marbles and finished in fine woods, enameled in silver and gold, with mirrors and lustres from Vienna, mosaics from Florence and Rome, and are nominally guarded by major domos, who live there in royal ease and luxury.

Respectfully representing the inhabitants of the town of Woburn, that Burlington and Woburn, in said County, and the Railroad bridge to the Burlington line is in need of alterations and reconstruction.

Wherefore we pray that you will after due process release said road for the purpose of making alterations, the course and without first visiting our meat market and laying in a stock of our

EASTER HAMMS AND BACON
They're well smoked, sweet and juicy. You'll relish them and buy more, as they can't be excelled. Price is shaded for Easter.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 125-6

Burlington, March, 1906.
To the Middlesex County Commissioners:
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Wherefore we pray that you will after due process release said road for the purpose of making alterations, the course and without first visiting our meat market and laying in a stock of our

JOHN A. TAYLOR,
WALTER E. REDD,
AUDRELL B. REDD,
FRED H. ROBERTS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and six, to wit, by adjournment at said Cambridge, on the fourth day of March, A. D. 1906.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the said Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons interested in the premises, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at Wilmington station of the Boston and Maine Railroad, on the first Tuesday of the month of March, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to receive and consider the petition, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be four days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Woburn, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings hereon, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

ROGER H. HURD, Ass't. Clerk.
Copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest:
ROGER H. HURD, Ass't. Clerk.
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
It cures itching humors, restores the hair, promotes a luxuriant growth, and keeps the scalp cool and healthy. It is the only hair dressing that is pure and safe. It is sold in all drug stores and by mail.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
125, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.
EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam & Hot Water Heating
8 Middle St., Woburn, Mass.

BOYS

Get in line to make money

A whole army of boys are making all the money they want selling

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

a few hours a week after school. It isn't luck; it isn't that they are any brighter than you; it isn't that they have any better chances than you. They just took hold of the work heartily, and found that making money came lots easier than they expected. Most everybody who sees THE POST wants it. And what we want you to do is to show THE POST to the people in your town, to get them to let you deliver it every week. In a few weeks you'll have a regular list of customers and be making money steadily. You don't need a cent to start in. We send ten copies of THE POST free. Sell these at 5c. the copy and that furnishes all the money you need to buy further supplies. Sit down now and write us a letter that you want to get in line to make money and we'll send you everything you need to start. An education at any business college in the country free to boys who sell a certain number of copies.

\$250 in Extra Cash Prizes
Each Month to Boys Who Do Good Work

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
1728 Arch St., Philadelphia

Good Farm For Sale
IN BURLINGTON.

As Administrator of his estate, the subscriber will sell on favorable terms the

MARKET GARDEN FARM
In Burlington, owned and occupied by C. E. MARION at his decease.

The Farm contains 48 Acres 20 of which is mowing and tillage, and 28 in wood. It is well located, productive, and easy to work.

There are GOOD BUILDINGS on the Farm, and all farming conveniences. There is an excellent ORCHARD on it; Apples, Berries, etc.

For further particulars enquire of
E. P. MARION, Woburn, Mass.
47 Lowell Street.

HAMS AND BACON
EASTER EATING
gives you privileges you've been longing for many a day. Don't think of preparing that Easter meal without first visiting our meat market and laying in a stock of our

EASTER HAMMS AND BACON
They're well smoked, sweet and juicy. You'll relish them and buy more, as they can't be excelled. Price is shaded for Easter.

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Musical.
MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

MRS. ANNIE S. LEWIS

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PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

1 Maxwell Road, cor. Mystic Ave.

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Unitarian Vestry, Woburn, Saturdays, 10-12, 2-4.

To Let.

A STORE:

Corner Main street and Church

avenue; steam heat; all modern conveniences.

2 OFFICES:

Steam Heat; very desirable.

TENEMENT:

No. 6 Church avenue; 8 rooms;

bath; furnace heat.

Apply to

A. J. FOSTER,

4 Church Avenue, Woburn

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Charles Malatesta, Julia A. Crockett, both of

Wilmington in the County of Middlesex and said

Commonwealth, the inhabitants of said town of

Woburn, a municipal corporation

